

No. 8.

"MODO ME THEBIS,

MODO PONIT ATHENIS."—HORACE.

THE
MUSICAL

AUGUST,

MONTHLY

1864.

DRAWING-ROOM
MISCELLANY.

CONTENTS

MUSIC:
THE DANISH WAR SONG,
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

	PAGE
Our Seventy-four in peril	113
A Summer Sketch on the Tay	113
"Flos Regum"	113
Ode "To Sleep"	116
On several Well-worn Grooves	116
The Churches of Florence	117
Gounod's "Mirella" (with Music)	118
Mdlle. Stella Colas	120

THE COUNTRY HOUSE:

The Boudoir—The Breakfast Parlour—Out of Doors—
The Library—Drawing Room—Housekeeper's Room.
Poetry, &c., &c.

ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, FLEET STREET, E.C.
ARTHUR HALL, SMART & ALLEN, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
GRAMER & Co., METZLER & Co., & ALL BOOK & MUSICSELLERS.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS IN "THE MUSICAL MONTHLY."

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted on the Wrapper of this work according to the following scale:—
Not exceeding 5 lines..... 2s. 6d.
Every additional line..... 6d.
A reduction of 25 per cent. on the above charges for a series.

Advertisements received up to the 25th of the month.
ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet Street, E.C.

GOLD AND TEETH.

MESSRS. CARTWRIGHT and BROWNE, 22, Fleet-street, the old-established and acknowledged the best Dentists in London, call attention to their New Everlasting Teeth, mounted on Gold, or the New Vulcanized India-rubber, of the last New Patent, which are superior to all others. They are fitted without extraction of stumps, or giving the slightest pain, and are most natural in appearance, restoring perfect Mastication and Articulation in every case, at about half the usual charges. Upper or lower Set, from £2 10s., single Tooth from 6d. and 10s.
Decayed Teeth stopped with their new Preparation of Gold which renders them again Sound and useful for Mastication.
22, FLEET STREET, (near the Inner Temple Gate).

SEWING MACHINES.—Wholesale and Retail Houses, or Private Parties purchasing Sewing Machines, will do well by paying a visit to **THE LONDON SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 12, FINSBURY-PLACE, NORTH,** Where the justly celebrated Wheeler and Wilson's, and all the best makers, are kept on sale.
PURCHASERS TAUGHT FREE OF CHARGE.
Illustrated Prospectuses free by post.
Every description of work carefully and expeditiously done by experienced hands.



30, BERNERS STREET, Oxford Street, W. and 448, Strand, directly opposite Charing-Cross Railway Station. Established 1820. Every description of **ARTIFICIAL TEETH** at prices that defy competition. Consultation free.

LICHEN ISLANDICUS, or ICELAND MOSS COCOA, manufactured by **DUNN AND HEWITT, London.** Strongly recommended by the Faculty in all cases of debility, indigestion, consumption, and all pulmonary and chest diseases. See testimonials of Dr. Hassall, Dr. Normandy, and others. To be had everywhere at 1s. 4d. per lb.
MANUFACTORY, LONDON.

FILTERS, in 20 shapes, fitted with patent Moulded Carbon Blocks, in lieu of sponge, sand, gravel, and loose charcoal, have now attained such a high position in the opinion of persons competent to judge of such articles, and have become so generally appreciated by the sanitary portion of the public, that in a short space of time no home will be complete without a glass filter for the sideboard or an earthenware one for the kitchen, or in the house cistern. Health should be studied before wealth, and what is so conducive to health as a supply of water purified and filtered through the medium of media, compressed & compounded charcoal. Makers to the Royal Navy, Trinity Board, Board of Works, Bombay Railway, British Ice Co., Cheap Cooking Depots, &c., Jardins d'Acclimatation, Paris, &c. **T. ATKINS and SON, 62, Fleet Street, London.** Prospectus free.

TO COMPOSERS ABOUT TO PUBLISH.

J. H. JEWELL, Music Publisher, undertakes the Printing and Publishing of every description of Musical Work, greatly under the usual charges. Estimates given.
104, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W. C., near the British Museum.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, for producing a real sea bath in your own room. Five ounces should be added to each gallon of water. A 56lb. or 112lb. bag sent direct from the depot on receipt of post-office order value 8s. or 16s.—**Tidman and Son, Chymists, No. 10, Wormwood-street, London, E.C.**

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, used daily, immensely benefits weakly infants, as well as children of a larger growth. Sold by chymists everywhere. Sole proprietors, **Tidman and Son, 10, Wormwood-street, London, E.C.**

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, extracted from the steaming billows, has been analysed by Dr. Hassall and other eminent chymists, who strongly recommend it as very superior to the rock and other salts previously used. It is the only efficient substitute for sea-bathing.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT is of the utmost service in rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, weak joints, &c. It should be used daily. Several interesting cures have recently been effected. Testimonials may be seen at the office, 10, Wormwood-street, London, E.C. Sold by chymists throughout the world in bags of 7lb., 14lb., 28lb., 56lb., and 1 cwt.

A CUP OF COFFEE IN ONE MINUTE.
DUNN'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE.

1s. and 2s. per Bottle.
May be had everywhere. Warranted to keep good in any climate.

TO COFFEE DRINKERS.—WHITE, FAIR-CHILD, and CO.'S PATENT CONCENTRATED COFFEES are known throughout the Kingdom as the best. Ask for White, Fairchild and Co.'s Coffee. Tin canisters, 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 8d., and 2s. per lb.—Sold in every town, with full address, **White, Fairchild, and Co., Steam Mills, 107, Borough, London, S.E.**



EXTERIOR OF MACHINE.

PATENTS SEALED, A. D. 1862. **FRANCE, ITALY, GREAT BRITAIN, AND COLONIES.**

TOSELLIS FREEZING MACHINES,

The simplest, cheapest, and most effective for producing **TRANSPARENT ICE, or COLD,** For Domestic or Medical Purposes, by Artificial or Natural Means.

PRICES AND DIMENSIONS:

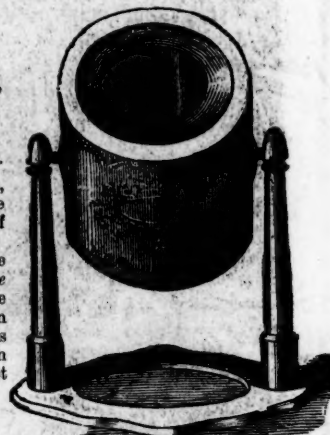
1. The Bijou, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, 15s.
2. The Paragon, 1 pint, 30s.
3. The Utilitarian, 1 quart, 40s.

The Bijou and Paragon Machines are recommended for small family use, and being so portable, will be found convenient for medical purposes. The Utilitarian, in addition to supplying all the requirements of an ordinary household, is so constructed that, after creams are made, bottles of wine may readily be iced.

The advantages secured by this valuable invention may be thus briefly enumerated: 1. The simplicity of the machine enables inexperienced persons, in six minutes, to mould as well as make ices in a single operation. 2. Its convenient size makes it sufficiently portable for carriage in the pocket, whilst its cleanliness is such, that, not only in the kitchen is it indispensable, but in an opera-box or boudoir it can be used without soiling a glove. It is the only machine that produces transparent ice, hence its value to the medical profession. 4. It is so ornamental in appearance that it may be placed upon the sideboard, where wines or fruits may be kept in ice until required for consumption.

SOLD ONLY BY BROWN BROTHERS, 43, CRANBOURN-STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Where they may be seen in operation every Thursday. Illustrated Prospectus post-free.



INTERIOR OF MACHINE.



TRADE MARK.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

500,000 SAMPLE PACKETS
(Each sufficient to make a cup)

OF THIS INIMITABLE

CHOCOLATE POWDER

WERE GIVEN AWAY AT THE

International Exhibition of 1862.

And Thousands are now using it, pronouncing it to be unequalled in quality and excellence, invigorating the healthy, and renovating the invalid.

ONE CUP OR TWENTY MADE IN ONE MINUTE.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. 1s. PER POUND.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.
COMMERCIAL STEAM MILLS, LONDON.
Established 1812.



HOOK OPEN.

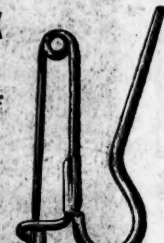
NEW PATENT CURTAIN HOOK

THAT REQUIRES NO SEWING, and if reversed, can be used for many other purposes. To be had of all respectable shops in town and country.

PATENTEES,

W. TENT AND CO.,

23, Birch Lane, London, E.C.



HOOK REVERSED, SHUT.

PRINTING.—Every description of Printing executed with Economy and Despatch at

THE REGENT PRESS,

55, KING STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

New Type available for Books and Pamphlets. Estimates forwarded by Post. Manuscripts prepared for the Press.

RELIABLE AND UNRIVALLED

SEWING MACHINE
FOR THE FAMILY AND THE FACTORY.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Confidently offer their Machines as the most simple yet scientific in construction; most inexpensive yet effective in operation; most enduring the wear of years; in a word, as the Best, and, being so, the Cheapest in the World.

They stitch, hem, fell, tuck, frill, bind, gather, cord, braid, &c.

As a general rule, there can be little confidence placed in certificates or commendatory letters, and therefore during a period of several years, while the general reputation of Singer's Sewing Machines was being consolidated, we never published one of the very numerous letters containing expressions of satisfaction and gratitude which we were constantly receiving. The reputation of a good thing, like the genial influences of the sun and rain, is diffused through the community by a general irresistible law. Upon that general favourable character we prefer to sell our machines. In all cases where it is practicable, we advise those who wish to purchase a machine for sewing to examine the various kinds which are commonly esteemed to be good and useful, compare, enquire, and then intelligently decide between them. And particularly when any person is inclined to buy one of our machines, we wish enquiries as to their qualities to be made of some one who has had experience in using them, so that the purchaser will feel entire confidence. No one is importuned to purchase. Our purpose is to sell the BEST MACHINES AT A FAIR PRICE, and endeavour to pay such attention to our customers, that one machine will always be the means of selling another. We are now allowed to mention that a part of the outfit of the Princess Alice, recently married to Prince Louis of Hesse, was one of our Family Machines in full cabinet.

Ninety Thousand in Operation in all Quarters of the Globe. Shipping Orders Executed. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, Post Free.
98, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

The Musical Monthly.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY VINCENT WALLACE.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

AUGUST 1, 1864.

[Right of Translation reserved.]

OUR SEVENTY-FOUR IN PERIL.

I.

The cry was suddenly passed—
"A line of surf on the lee!"
And our brave old Seventy-four,
Above, the inveterate blast,
Below, the implacable sea—
Was driving on to the shore.

II.

Not that we cared for ourselves—not we—
As we lifted and creaked through the foam,
For our shore
Was that gallant old Seventy-four,
And our home
Was that shroud-wrapt, goblin-like sea.

III.

But the thought that our Seventy-four
Would strand and fall into wreck,
Was bitter as bitter could be
To us, as we crouched on the deck,
Sighting our graves by the shore,
Through a rift of the mountainous sea.

IV.

One look was enough—and then
We knew that He only could save
Who launched down the wind on the wave;
And our men
(If they never had sought Him before),
Prayed hard for our Seventy-four—
To spare our fine Seventy-four.

V.

Thank God! for the battle is done;
And, as in the days of yore,
The gage of the combat is won
By our splendid old Seventy-four.

VI.

And when we make out the land,
And the people are lining the shore,
Oh, then, for the welcome hail—
Oh, then, for the waving hand
Will greet the tempest-stain'd sail
Of our gallant old Seventy-four.

A SUMMER SKETCH ON THE TAY.

"ARE not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"—and so, no doubt, to the honest patriotic Syrian they were. Why should not a stream born of the Grampians be as good as any that ever sprung from Lebanon or the Apennines?—as beautiful, as pure, as healthful? Talk of rivers!—why, this very river of the Tay, from loch to sea—from Taymouth Castle to the Bell Rock—is an uninterrupted range of beauty, magnificence, and romance; and the river itself is pre-eminently a river—a river among rivers—neither a torrent, a canal, nor an ocean—but a river. It flows: with rapidity enough to cheer and quicken, with depth and breadth enough to be entirely suggestive, and with purity enough to tempt and provoke the naiads of every neighbouring stream. "Ecce Tibur!" cried the transported Romans when they first beheld it; but the Tiber is muddy (classically "*fluvius*") in comparison. The Spey, with its bright red banks and dark green mantle of firs, is a fine river too, but with less variety; the Dee is wild and picturesque to a marvel, but only wild and picturesque; the Forth with its unparalleled windings—literally links of water—and its superb old battle-mented crags and grand traditions, one of the rivers of the world, is slow and sad; the Clyde, with its torrents

and its navies—a queen stream for grandeur and depth—has been profaned, alas! with sewerage and smoke; the Annan is too small; the Nith itself is not equal; the Tweed is the only parallel, with its limpid waves, its towers, its ruined abbeys, its woodland haughs, its bridges, and its hills; but it wants the grand bright bason at the mouth. That reach above Kelso, to be sure, with Floors Castle at the extremity of the bend, like an ornamental knob on the point of some gigantic sickle of transparent glass ready to reap down forests, but quietly and innocently glancing there with its back to the screen of overhanging woods, is probably unsurpassed in Europe. It reminds one on the instant of the Tay between Perth and Seone—bridge, hill-side, villas, and woodland sweep with a palace at the end of it. But there is no fair city on the haugh opposite Kelso. Roxburgh and its castle now are but a pasturage for sheep. Beyond the Tweed, or out of Great Britain perhaps, we need hardly go for a parallel or a superior of the same volume, to the Tay. The Rhine and the Po, of course, are out of comparison. The Tay is an inverted Clyde, east for west, north for south—without waterfalls, considerably diminished, and wholly unpolluted—a miniature model of the Clyde in the days of its unsophisticated, unambitious riverhood; sprightly, unsubdued, and untainted; navigable and useful enough, but still a sanctuary for naiads, a theme for the most fastidious painter, and the last retreat of fishes, poisoned or beaten out by paddle-wheels from almost every other stream. Stand where you will and look east or west—at Kinfauns, for example, in the misty haze of noontide, or the cool gray of morning, or the yellow sheen of summer night—look eastward, then, on the wide-spread bosom of the Frith, flushed with the flow of the German Ocean; or westward on the rippling current, with its circles of nets, its booted fishermen and tiny craft, its greensward and its avenues, and fair maids tending their snow-white washings, its polished city ranges and low grey spires—before it was all profaned with the wooden stumps of an ineffable viaduct! Before you lies the gold green border of the Kingdom of Fife, thick strewn with relics and with all associations of the past, from the round tower of Abernethy, of royal Pietish date, to Lindores, to Balmerino, with their ruined abbeys and rich foundations and queenly memories; to Kilmany of a newer, but not less cherished fame, with Falkland and its quaint old palace, of ghastly tradition, remodelled and embellished, below the Lomond tops in the back-ground; or reversing your position, and exchanging views from north to south, from the hills above Newburgh you trace the northern shore along from far Aberbrothock, with its friendly monks and blessed bell, and world-renowned *Antiquary*, to Dundee with its oldest towers, and histories of plagues and sieges and burnings, and ecstatic gospel preachings; through the Carse, for ever rich and beautiful, of Gowrie, with its wooded Inches; by Errol of patriotic memory, to the hill top of Kinnoull, with its agates and onyxes and sacred wells. Thence, the fair city itself underlying—with its own peculiar charms of outline and of history, of traditions manifold of treason, of Reformation riots, of deadly feuds, and of luckless love—you look right on over house-tops, waving woods, green lawns and blossom-tinted gardens, to Seone with its memorable, fateful, and predestined coronations. Or higher up and further west, from the summit of Moncrieff, beyond the Inches and the town, eastward across the river, you survey Strathmore, stretching like the great plain (*Strathmore*) of Esdraelon (what a resemblance in all native Scotch to all old Hebrew designations!) between Tabor and the range of Carmel, along the range of the Grampians—between them and Dunsinane—marbly white

in their latest snow, or glistening green in summer verdure; on, on; wider and dimmer, by Meigle and Glamis, with their wonderful monuments of murder and of sleep, to the spires of Brechin, if you could destroy them, and its exquisite, unique tower. Strange enough: the tower of Abernethy at the one end, just under your eye, and the tower of Brechin at the other end, farther than your eye can reach, of this magnificent plain—of exactly equal height, and sister monuments undoubtedly of the same Pietish art; with hieroglyphic remains intervening, and some dozen Roman or Caledonian camps, memorials of Galgacus or Agricola, on the spurs of the mountains, as you go;—and then westward and southward, through Strathearn and the lesser plain, divided from the other by the hill on which you stand—westward, among tributary streams, your vision wanders on, by Sheriff-Muir and the Ochils, and Allan Water and Dunblane, in imagination to Stirling itself and the distant valley of the Teith, from the extreme end of which Benledi and Benmore, birth-place of the Forth and Tay, may haply greet you with their highest summits. Meanwhile, from every spot of earth around, near and far off, the names of heroes, of prophets and of saints, like sacred shadows—Knox and Leighton, Wallace, Bruce, and Argyll, with cavaliers and strange erratic kings, beloved of the people, beauties and heroines, by no means superfluous or misplaced—rise, numerous and friendly. Not the Tiber at all, you exclaim, but the Jordan—the Jordan flowing eastward, is this river of the Tay! Alas! that some railway viaduct should stalk across this scene, flouting the fine simplicity of the grand old bridge above and by the threshold of the very spot where a king was murdered. It was but a gun-shot below this, some twenty years ago, as you remember—

"Upon a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed doon."

that all the beauty and fashion of the fair city used to assemble, in silken sheen, among the elms by the river's brink, to greet the arrival of the steamer from Dundee, and criticise the passengers; and it was on the opposite hill of Kinnoull next morning, as the "Defiance," with an additional leader, toiled heavily up, that simpler maids, with hearty laughter, from garden gates by the dewy roadside, flung bunches of flowers to the guard or coachman, or some "freen" among the outside passengers, on his way to make his fortune.

FLOS REGUM.

EVERY nation seems, at some period of its history, to have been in the position of the late ingenious Lord Byron, when his lordship wanted a hero. And has not every nation supplied its want, and created its hero? Generally, he is feigned to have lived in the evil days between the firm establishment of law and the simplicity and innocence of the golden age. Then he is the destroyer of monsters, and of men worse than monsters; the defender of the oppressed; the establisher of law. He is not one of the gods—but his birth, or whence he came, is unknown. Men tell strange stories of his birth, for he is braver and stronger, and more beautiful, than others among mortals. Sometimes he is fabled, like Theseus and Perseus, and Hiawatha, to have been the son of an immortal god and one of the daughters of men. Sometimes he appears, none know whence, like Arthur, who was found a naked child on the shore

After tempest, when the long wave broke,
All down the thundering shores of Bude-cum-Bos,
and is fostered till, by a miracle, he is approven king. The hero is patronised by spirits friendly to man, by kind Olympians, and beneficent fairies. From them



NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS IN "THE MUSICAL MONTHLY."

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted on the Wrapper of this work according to the following scale:—
Not exceeding 5 lines..... 2s. 6d.
Every additional line..... 6d.
A reduction of 25 per cent. on the above charges for a series.

Advertisements received up to the 25th of the month.
ADAMS & FRANCIS, 50, Fleet Street, E.C.

GOLD AND TEETH.

MESSRS. CARTWRIGHT and BROWNE, 29, Fleet Street, the old-established and acknowledged the best Dentists in London, call attention to their New Everlasting Teeth, mounted on Gold, or the New Vulcanized India-rubber, or the last New Patent, which are superior to all others. They are fitted without extraction of stumps, or giving the slightest pain, and are most natural in appearance, restoring perfect Mastication and Articulation in every case, at about half the usual charges. Upper or lower set, from 25 10s., single Teeth from 5s. and 10s.
Decayed Teeth stopped with their new Preparation of Gold which renders them again Sound and useful for Mastication.
22, FLEET STREET, (near the Inner Temple Gate).

SEWING MACHINES.

Wholesale and Retail Houses, or Private Parties purchasing Sewing Machines, will do well by paying a visit to **THE LONDON SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 12, FINSBURY-PLACE, NORTH,** Where the justly celebrated Wheeler and Wilson's, and all the best makers, are kept on sale.
PURCHASERS TAUGHT FREE OF CHARGE.
Illustrated Prospectuses free by post.
Every description of work carefully and expeditiously done by experienced hands.



30, BERNERS STREET, Oxford Street, W. and 440, Strand, directly opposite Charing-Cross Railway Station.
Established 1820. Every description of **ARTIFICIAL TEETH** at prices that defy competition. Consultation free.

LIOHEN ISLANDICUS, or ICELAND MOSS C.O.C.O.O.A. manufactured by **DUNN AND HEWITT, London.** Strongly recommended by the Faculty in all cases of debility, indigestion, consumption, and all pulmonary and chest diseases. See testimonials of Dr. Hasall, Dr. Normandy, and others. To be had everywhere at 1s. 4d. per lb.
MANUFACTORY, LONDON.

FILTERS, in 20 shapes, fitted with patent Moulded Carbon Blocks, in lieu of sponge, sand, gravel, and loose charcoal, have now attained such a high position in the opinion of persons competent to judge of such articles, and have become so generally recommended by the sanitary portion of the public, that in a short space of time no home will be complete without a glass filter for the sideboard or an earthenware one for the kitchen, or in the house cistern. Health should be studied before wealth, and what is so conducive to health as a supply of water purified and filtered through the medium of media, compressed in compressed charcoal. Makers to the Royal Navy, Trinity Board, Board of Works, Bombay Railway, British Ice Co., Cheap Cooking Depots, &c.; Jardins d'Acclimatation, Paris, &c. **T. ATKINS and SON, 63, Fleet Street, London.** Prospectus free.

TO COMPOSERS ABOUT TO PUBLISH.

J. H. JEWELL, Music Publisher, undertakes the Printing and Publishing of every description of Musical Work, quickly and under the usual charges. Estimates given.
164, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W. C., near the British Museum.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, for producing a real sea bath in your own room. Five ounces should be added to each gallon of water. A 6dib. or 1125b. bag sent direct from the depot on receipt of post-office order value 2s. or 10s.—**Tidman and Son, Chymists, No. 10, Wormwood-street, London, E.C.**

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, used daily, immensely benefits weakly infants, as well as children of a larger growth. Sold by chymists everywhere. Sole proprietors, **Tidman and Son, 10, Wormwood-street, London, E.C.**

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, extracted from the finest sea water, has been analyzed by Dr. Hasall and other eminent chymists, who strongly recommend it as very superior to the rock and other sea salts. It is the only efficient substitute for sea water.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT is of the utmost service in rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, weak joints, &c. It should be used daily. Several interesting cures have recently been effected. Testimonials may be seen at the office, 10, Wormwood-street, London, E.C. Sold by chymists throughout the world in bags of 1lb., 14lb., 28lb., 56lb., and 1 cwt.

A CUP OF COFFEE IN ONE MINUTE.

DUNN'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE.
1s. and 2s. per Bottle.
May be had everywhere. Warranted to keep good in any climate.

TO COFFEE DRINKERS—WHITE, FAIR-

CHILD, and CO.'S PATENT CONCENTRATED COFFEES are known throughout the Kingdom as the best. Ask for White, Fairchild and Co.'s Coffee. Tin canisters, 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 8d., and 2s. per lb.—Sold in every town, with full address, **White, Fairchild, and Co., Steam Mills, 107, Borough, London, S.E.**



EXTERIOR OF MACHINE.

PATENTS SEALED, A. D. 1862. **FRANCE, ITALY, GREAT BRITAIN, AND COLONIES.**

TOSELLI'S FREEZING MACHINES,

The simplest, cheapest, and most effective for producing **TRANSPARENT ICE, or COLD.**
For Domestic or Medical Purposes, by Artificial or Natural Means.

PRICES AND DIMENSIONS:

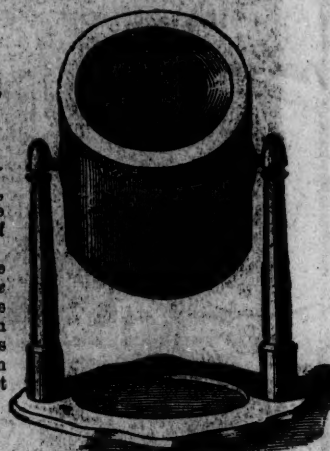
1. The Bijou, 1 pint, 15s.
2. The Paragon, 1 pint, 30s.
3. The Utilitarian, 1 quart, 40s.

The Bijou and Paragon Machines are recommended for small family use, and being so portable, will be found convenient for medical purposes. The Utilitarian, in addition to supplying all the requirements of an ordinary household, is so constructed that, after creams are made, bottles of wine may readily be iced.

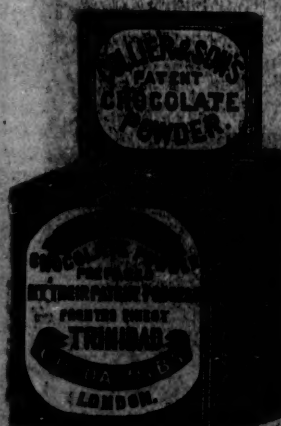
The advantages secured by this valuable invention may be thus briefly enumerated: 1. The simplicity of the machine enables inexperienced persons, in 15 minutes, to mould as well as make ice in a single operation. 2. Its convenient size makes it sufficiently portable for carriage in the pocket, whilst its cleanliness is such, that, not only in the kitchen is it indispensable, but in an opera-box or boudoir it can be used without soiling a glove. It is the only machine that produces transparent ice, hence its value to the medical profession. 4. It is so ornamental in appearance that it may be placed upon the sideboard, where wines or fruits may be kept in ice until required for consumption.

SOLD ONLY BY BROWN BROTHERS, 48, GRANBOURN-STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Where they may be seen in operation every Thursday. Illustrated Prospectus post-free.



INTERIOR OF MACHINE.



TRADE MARK.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
500,000 SAMPLE PACKETS

(Each sufficient to make a cup)

OF THIS IRIMITABLE

CHOCOLATE POWDER

WAS GIVEN AWAY AT THE

International Exhibition of 1862,

and Thousands are now using it, pronouncing it to be unequalled in quality and excellence, invigorating the healthy, and renovating the invalid.

ONE CUP OR TWENTY MADE IN ONE MINUTE.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. 1s. PER POUND.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

COMMERCIAL STEAM MILLS, LONDON.

Established 1812.



HOOK OPEN.

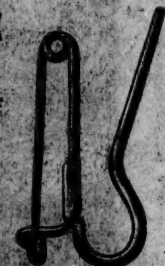
NEW PATENT CURTAIN HOOK

THAT REQUIRES NO SEWING, and if reversed, can be used for many other purposes. To be had of all respectable (shops in town and country).

PATENTERS,

W. TENT AND CO.,

23, Brixton Lane, London, E.C.



HOOK REVERSED, SHUT.

PRINTING.—Every description of Printing executed with Economy and Despatch at

THE REGENT PRESS,

55, KING STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

New Type available for Books and Pamphlets. Estimates forwarded by Post. Manuscripts prepared for the Press.

RELIABLE AND UNRIVALLED

SEWING MACHINE

FOR THE FAMILY AND THE FACTORY.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Confidently offer their Machines as the most simple yet scientific in construction; most inexpensive yet effective in operation; most enduring the wear of years; in a word, as the Best, and, being so, the Cheapest in the World.

They stitch, hem, fell, tuck, frill, bind, gather, cord, braid, &c.

As a general rule, there can be little confidence placed in certificates or commendatory letters, and therefore during a period of several years, while the general reputation of Singer's Sewing Machines was being consolidated, we never published one of the very numerous letters containing expressions of satisfaction and gratitude which we were constantly receiving. The reputation of a good thing, like the genial influences of the sun and rain, is diffused through the community by a general irresistible law. Upon that general favourable character we prefer to rely. In all cases where it is practicable, we advise those who wish to purchase a machine for sewing to examine the various kinds which are commonly esteemed to be good and useful, compare, require, and then intelligently decide between them. And particularly when any person is inclined to buy one of our machines, we wish enquiries as to their qualities to be made of some one who has had experience in using them, so that the purchaser will feel entire confidence. No one is importuned to purchase. Our purpose is to sell the BEST MACHINES AT A FAIR PRICE, and endeavour to pay such attention to our customers, that one machine will always be the means of selling another. We are now allowed to mention that a part of the outfit of the Princess Alice, recently married to Prince Louis of Hesse, was one of our Family Machines in full cabinet.

Ninety Thousand in Operation in all Quarters of the Globe. Shipping Orders Executed. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, Post Free.

98, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

The Musical Monthly.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY VINCENT WALLACE.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

AUGUST 1, 1864.

(Right of Translation reserved.)

OUR SEVENTY-FOUR IN PERIL.

I.

The cry was suddenly passed—
"A line of surf on the lee!"
And our brave old Seventy-four,
Above, the inveterate blast,
Below, the implacable sea—
Was driving on to the shore.

II.

Not that we cared for ourselves—not we—
As we lifted and creaked through the foam,
For our shore.
Was that gallant old Seventy-four,
And our home
Was that shroud-wrapt, goblin-like sea.

III.

But the thought that our Seventy-four
Would strand and fall into wreck,
Was bitter as bitter could be
To us, as we crouched on the deck,
Sighting our graves by the shore,
Through a rift of the mountainous sea.

IV.

One look was enough—and then
We knew that He only could save
Who launched down the wind on the wave;
And our men
(If they never had sought Him before),
Prayed hard for our Seventy-four—
To spare our fine Seventy-four.

V.

Thank God! for the battle is done;
And, as in the days of yore,
The gage of the combat is won
By our splendid old Seventy-four.

VI.

And when we make out the land,
And the people are lining the shore,
Oh, then, for the welcome hail—
Oh, then, for the waving hand
Will greet the tempest-stain'd sail
Of our gallant old Seventy-four.

A SUMMER SKETCH ON THE TAY.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"—and so, no doubt, to the honest patriotic Syrian they were. Why should not a stream born of the Grampians be as good as any that ever sprung from Lebanon or the Apennines?—as beautiful, as pure, as healthful? Talk of rivers!—why, this very river of the Tay, from loch to sea—from Taymouth Castle to the Bell Rock—is an uninterrupted range of beauty, magnificence, and romance; and the river itself is pre-eminently a river—a river among rivers—neither a torrent, a canal, nor an ocean—but a river. It flows: with rapidity enough to cheer and quicken, with depth and breadth enough to be entirely suggestive, and with purity enough to tempt and provoke the naiads of every neighbouring stream. "Ecce Tibur!" cried the transported Romans when they first beheld it; but the Tiber is muddy (classically "*fluvius*") in comparison. The Spey, with its bright red banks and dark green mantle of firs, is a fine river too, but with less variety; the Dee is wild and picturesque to a marvel, but only wild and picturesque; the Forth with its unparalleled windings—literally links of water—and its superb old battle-memented crags and grand traditions, one of the rivers of the world, is slow and sad; the Clyde, with its torrents

and its navies—a queen stream for grandeur and depth—has been profaned, alas! with sewerage and smoke; the Annan is too small; the Nith itself is not equal; the Tweed is the only parallel, with its limpid waves, its towers, its ruined abbeys, its woodland haughs, its bridges, and its hills; but it wants the grand bright bason at the mouth. That reach above Kelso, to be sure, with Floors Castle at the extremity of the bend, like an ornamental knob on the point of some gigantic sickle of transparent glass ready to reap down forests, but quietly and innocently glancing there with its back to the screen of overhanging woods, is probably unsurpassed in Europe. It reminds one on the instant of the Tay between Perth and Scone—bridge, hill-side, villas, and woodland sweep with a palace at the end of it. But there is no fair city on the haugh opposite Kelso. Roxburgh and its castle now are but a pasture for sheep. Beyond the Tweed, or out of Great Britain perhaps, we need hardly go for a parallel or a superior of the same volume, to the Tay. The Rhine and the Po, of course, are out of comparison. The Tay is an inverted Clyde, east for west, north for south—without waterfalls, considerably diminished, and wholly unpolluted—a miniature model of the Clyde in the days of its unsophisticated, unambitious riverhood; sprightly, unsubdued, and untainted; navigable and useful enough, but still a sanctuary for naiads, a theme for the most fastidious painter, and the last retreat of fishes, poisoned or beaten out by paddle-wheels from almost every other stream. Stand where you will and look east or west—at Kinfauns, for example, in the misty haze of noontide, or the cool gray of morning, or the yellow sheen of summer night—look eastward, then, on the wide-spread bosom of the Frith, flushed with the flow of the German Ocean; or westward on the rippling current, with its circles of nets, its booted fishermen and tiny craft, its greensward and its avenues, and fair maids tending their snow-white washings, its polished city ranges and low grey spires—before it was all profaned with the wooden stumps of an ineffable viaduct! Before you lies the gold green border of the Kingdom of Fife, thick strewn with relics and with all associations of the past, from the round tower of Abernethy, of royal Pictish date, to Lindores, to Balmerino, with their ruined abbeys and rich foundations and queenly memories; to Kilmany of a newer, but not less cherished fame, with Falkland and its quaint old palace, of ghastly tradition, remodelled and embellished, below the Lomond tops in the back-ground; or reversing your position, and exchanging views from north to south, from the hills above Newburgh you trace the northern shore along from far Aberbrothock, with its friendly monks and blessed bell, and world-renowned *Antiquary*, to Dundee with its oldest towers, and histories of plagues and sieges and burnings, and ecstatic gospel preachings; through the Carse, for ever rich and beautiful, of Gowrie, with its wooded Inches; by Errol of patriotic memory, to the hill top of Kinnoull, with its agates and onyxes and sacred wells. Thence, the fair city itself underlying—with its own peculiar charms of outline and of history, of traditions manifold of treason, of Reformation riots, of deadly feuds, and of luckless love—you look right on over house-tops, waving woods, green lawns and blossom-tinted gardens, to Scone with its memorable, fateful, and predestined coronations. Or higher up and further west, from the summit of Moncrieff, beyond the Inches and the town, eastward across the river, you survey Strathmore, stretching like the great plain (*Strathmore*) of Esdras (what a resemblance in all native Scotch to all old Hebrew designations!) between Tabor and the range of Carmel, along the range of the Grampians—between them and Dunsinane—marbly white

in their latest snow, or glistening green in summer verdure; on, on; wider and dimmer, by Meikle and Glamis, with their wonderful monuments of murder and of sleep, to the spires of Brechin, if you could descry them, and its exquisite, unique tower. Strange enough: the tower of Abernethy at the one end, just under your eye, and the tower of Brechin at the other end, farther than your eye can reach, of this magnificent plain—of exactly equal height, and sister monuments undoubtedly of the same Pictish art; with hieroglyphic remains intervening, and some dozen Roman or Caledonian camps, memorials of Galgacus or Agricola, on the spurs of the mountains, as you go;—and then westward and southward, through Strathearn and the lesser plain, divided from the other by the hill on which you stand—westward, among tributary streams, your vision wanders on, by Sheriff-Muir and the Ochils, and Allan Water and Dunblane, in imagination to Stirling itself and the distant valley of the Teith, from the extreme end of which Benledi and Benmore, birth-place of the Forth and Tay, may haply greet you with their highest summits. Meanwhile, from every spot of earth around, near and far off, the names of heroes, of prophets and of saints, like sacred shadows—Knox and Leighton, Wallace, Bruce, and Argyll, with cavaliers and strange erratic kings, beloved of the people, beauties and heroines, by no means superfluous or misplaced—rise, numerous and friendly. Not the Tiber at all, you exclaim, but the Jordan—the Jordan flowing eastward, is this river of the Tay! Alas! that some railway viaduct should stalk across this scene, flouting the fine simplicity of the grand old bridge above and by the threshold of the very spot where a king was murdered. It was but a gun-shot below this, some twenty years ago, as you remember—

"Upon a summer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed doon."

that all the beauty and fashion of the fair city used to assemble, in silken sheen, among the elms by the river's brink, to greet the arrival of the steamer from Dundee, and criticise the passengers; and it was on the opposite hill of Kinnoull next morning, as the "*Defiance*," with an additional leader, toiled heavily up, that simpler maids, with hearty laughter, from garden gates by the dewy roadside, flung bunches of flowers to the guard or coachman; or some "*freen*" among the outside passengers, on his way to make his fortune.

FLOS REGUM.

EVERY nation seems, at some period of its history, to have been in the position of the late ingenious Lord Byron, when his lordship wanted a hero. And has not every nation supplied its want, and created its hero? Generally, he is feigned to have lived in the evil days between the firm establishment of law and the simplicity and innocence of the golden age. Then he is the destroyer of monsters, and of men worse than monsters; the defender of the oppressed; the establisher of law. He is not one of the gods—but his birth, or whence he came, is unknown. Men tell strange stories of his birth, for he is braver and stronger, and more beautiful, than others among mortals. Sometimes he is fabled, like Theseus and Perseus, and Hiawatha, to have been the son of an immortal god and one of the daughters of men. Sometimes he appears, none know whence, like Arthur, who was found a naked child on the shore.

After tempest, when the long wave broke,
All down the thundering shores of Bude-cum-Bow,
and is fostered till, by a miracle, he is approved king. The hero is patronised by spirits friendly to man, by kind Olympians, and beneficent fairies. From them



he obtains magic weapons which nothing can resist—the hammer of Thor and Theseus, the club of Hercules, the sharp sword of Perseus, the mittens of Hiawatha, the sword Excalibur of Arthur. With these he conquers evil men and monsters of nature—old Scandinavian giants,—hydras in the Lernean water-meeds—monster fish in the Big Sea Water,—giants like King Ryence who would purple his cloak with twelve kings' beards. When all the giants are slain, and lands may be tilled, and cattle fed in peace; when cities arise, and laws are established,—the hero's work is done, and the people know him no more. No man knows whither he goes, as none know whence he came. He departs in "the purple mists of evening," like Hiawatha; or, as Arthur, disappears in the black-palled barge down the moon-lit lake, "and on the mere, the wailing dies away." But those whom he has rescued and civilised cannot believe that he is dead in Seyros across the sea, or beyond the mighty ocean, or in the caves below Elsinore—like Holgar the Dane—or in the pleasant island of Avallon: the hero is sleeping. There he will rest till his country is in its last extremity, and then he will wake to life, and use and fame, and fight for his fatherland, as they say Theseus fought at Marathon. Thus all nations have their half-mythic heroes, all with points of resemblance, in their origin and deeds, and fate. Indians, Scandinavians, Greeks, and Persians have their heroes, "and shall we of this island be so possess with incredulities, diffidence, stupidity, and ingratitude, to deny, make doubt, or expresse in speech and history, the immortal name and fame of our victorious Arthur?" "As (by the favour of Heaven) this kingdom of Britaine was graced with one worthy, let us with thankfulness acknowledge him." And well may we "with thankfulness acknowledge him," for to no other worthy of our history do poetry, and romance, and art, owe a greater debt. No hero has left his name more deeply impressed on the popular mind in Britain. To him, or to his prophet Merlin, or to the Devil, are all extraordinary freaks of nature and all great ancient works ascribed in England, just as in Scotland everything of the like nature is ascribed to Michael Scott, or Sir William Wallace, or the third of the first-named trio. From the far south of England, where the remains of the castle of Tintagel still stand on the brow of the rocky coast, northwards till where Arthur's Seat looks across the Forth, has the great King of the Armorice race left his name in the length and breadth of the land.

All English poetry is full of the fame of his great deeds, and of the noble fellowship of the Round Table, that he instituted to be a mirror of knighthood and chivalry, and a centre for the gathering of all brave and honest men. Spenser and Milton cast longing eyes at the field for epic poetry that the Arthurian romances afford. But for them other noble themes were proscribed, nor was Dryden—much as he desired it—destined "to raise the Table Round again." One is scarcely sorry that Dryden never fulfilled his purpose. An Arthurian epic, in which the laxity of morals of the romances would have been blended with that of the Court of Charles the Second, was scarcely one to be desired. But the Arthurian seems destined never to be written. The same fate that has attended all first-born English princes of the name of Arthur, seems to doom all attempts to produce in epic form the glorious cycles of Arthurian romance.

For the laureate and his school, the Arthurian legends seem to have a powerful attraction. Mr. Tennyson, if he has not given us an epic, has at least, in the *Morte d'Arthur*, in the *Sir Galahad*, and in the *Idylls of the King*, displayed to us all the tenderness, and truth, and love, and courage, that formed the ideal of true chivalry, and that, in spite of verbosity and prolixity, pervade all the grand old romances. Nor is Art more backward than poetry to acknowledge and embody the charms of these chivalric legends. You can enter no gallery of modern paintings now-a-days, without finding there depicted the death of Arthur, or the Lily Maid of Astolat, or the pure face of Galahad. Much of this, of course, is due to the influence of Tennyson, but much also to the innate worth of the Arthurian legends, to the courage and courtesy, the beauty and love, with which they endow men and women; to the simplicity and free straightforward nature of the times of which they tell. And, after all, it is to these romances, not to the form into which they have been cast by later poets, that we should look for the chivalric idea of knighthood and power. These old fragments of British and Armorice tradition, seized on by the mediæval romancists as a nucleus round

which to cluster all their own ideas of chivalry, do not display all the refinement that softens them down in the hands of our present poets. From the *Morte d'Arthur*, compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, Knight, in the reign of Edward IV., we may gather what were the ideas held in the middle ages of chivalry and its duties, and of how they were fulfilled by Arthur and his knights. As the *Morte d'Arthur* is a compilation of the older romances of Launcelot, Merlin, Tristram, the Quest du Grail, and the Mort Artus, it may be taken as representing, in briefer form, the tone and the incidents related in these works. It is not in the prose romances that we find Arthur represented as the blameless king of the Idylls. In them he is not found mysteriously on the sea-shore, but is the son of Uther Pendragon, and Yguerne, wife of the Duke of Cornwall. Nor is Arthur the spotless knight of the romances. There is a knight pure, and brave, and strong, above all men, who sits in the Siege Perilous, and who achieves the adventure of the Holy Grail; but it is not Arthur. To Arthur, even more than Launcelot, would the Siege Perilous have been one of doom, the Sangreall an adventure never to be achieved. More guilty than Launcelot, he loves another man's wife, and is faithless to her. At first, indeed, we find Arthur the bravest of all his knights in the battles that followed and secured him in his succession to the throne.

In those early battles against King Lot, the man against whom he was afterwards to sin, and against the eleven kings, who were Lot's allies and his own rivals, he fights like a Tristram or a Launcelot. In the great battle against King Lot and the eleven kings, we find 'Ulfius and Brastias on foot in great peril of death, which were foute defoyled under the horse feete. Then King Arthur, as a lyon, ran unto King Cradlemont of North Wales, and smote him through the side, that horse and rider fell; and then he took the horse by the rayne, and led him unto Ulfius, and said—"Have this horse, mine old friend, for great need hast thou of an horse." "Gramercy," said Ulfius. Then King Arthur did so marvelously in arms that all men had marvel thereof." But this the only battle where Arthur fights better than his knights. Small cause had he to act the judge, and blame Guinevere's

—shameful sin with Launcelot,

And then the sin of Tristram and Isolt.

They were not the first to sin, and his was the example. For the second war between Arthur and King Lot sprang from Arthur's lawless love for the wife of that brave and turbulent Prince. From that love sprang first the war, and then, in retribution, the love of Guinevere and Launcelot, and the massacre of the innocents that were born on May-day, and last, the breaking-up of the Round Table, and the rebellion of Launcelot, and the death of Arthur at the hand of Mordred, his own son. From that love, as from one of the weird crimes of the founders of the House of Athens, spring woe and ruin, and a Nemesis that never ceases to pursue till Arthur and Guinevere are dead, and Launcelot sleeps in his grave at Joyous-Garde. In the war that ensues between Lot and Arthur, Arthur is indeed successful, and Lot is slain. But it is not Arthur's sword that wins the victory, but the plots of Merlin and the generalship of Ulfius. And from that moment, as far as the *Morte d'Arthur* tells us, at least, Arthur's glory is gone. *Il se range*—he becomes a married man; he founds the Round Table. The circle of wrong goes round, Nemesis overtakes him—*pede claudo*—where he injured others; like all Millamours, he becomes a "Fondlewife"—the mediæval Monsieur Cornu. They have little sympathy with such a character, the romancists—their sympathies are with the lover, and not with the husband. Their ideas of marriage and its obligations are the germ of those of Congreve, and Wycherly, and Farquhar; and, studied as they were in the middle ages, they harmed more than Paolo and Francesca, and gave that tone to literature which it did not recover for centuries. The romancer loves to tell of Launcelot and Guinevere out a-Maying, "when the moneth of May was come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom and to bring forth fruit." Let Arthur stay at home, and "gay call" tournaments and jousts, and preach the honour and purity he did not practise in his own day. But Launcelot and Guinevere are out in the May weather "hunting the coverts of the deer."

"As she fled fast through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlets from the braid."

"Therefore, all ye that be lovers, call unto your re-

membrance the moneth of May, like as did Queen Guinevere, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and, therefore, she had a good end." To be a true lover! It covered a multitude of faults in the eyes of a writer of romance. A love true to its objects, courtesy, and courage,—these were the virtues of chivalry, and when they were present, what we would call honour and fidelity might be dispensed with. They alone save the story of Tristram and Isolt from being utterly revolting. With far baser circumstances of ingratitude and dishonour that blacken the tale of Launcelot and Guinevere, there is yet in the story an element of love, true, though to an improper object, that made it in mediæval Europe the most popular of all the Arthurian cycle of romances.

From this tale of Tristram and Isolt, that is as full as a bad novel of peepings, and pryrings, and tricks, and low schemes of Bragwaine, Isolt's maid, and Gouvernail, Tristram's valet, we turn with pleasure to such a narrative of courtesy, and long-suffering, of courage and endurance, as the episode of Beaumains, who was a knight that was chosen to ride with a maiden who well deserved her name of the "damsel savage," to the succour of the damsel's sister. Always as they rode together she abused and derided him, but he never answered her with a word that was not courteous. Even when to protect her he fought with many knights, and went through many dreadful adventures, she lashed him with her sharp tongue. But he (unlike the knight who risked his life for his mistress' glove among the lions, and then threw it in her face, and cast her off) went through all dangers for the sake of the damsel savage, and bore her ingratitude and cutting words, not because he loved her, but because he was a knight, and she was a woman. So he, when he had gone through all trials in courtesy and courage, and had been proved a valiant knight as ever laid lance in rest, and as gentle as ever sat with ladies in hall, wedded his true love, the lady whom he had gone out to succour, the sister of the damsel savage. But while Beaumains (or Sir Gareth, as he is sometimes called) is the type of the courteous and brave knight, winning a reward of earthly prosperity, there is a far higher and purer character among the knights. This is Sir Galahad, the perfectly good and virtuous knight—he who, though so young, dared to sit in the "perilous seat" of him who was to achieve the adventure of the holy Grail.

What lingering trace is it, I wonder, of Druid superstition, that was imbedded in these old Breton legends, and transformed, by the romance writers, into the holy cup that Joseph of Arimathea brought to Britain? Its healing powers and other virtues were wondrous; but for the sins of men it was fabled to have been withdrawn from earth, and was only to be seen by a knight perfectly pure. To this adventure Galahad was fated, but none the less all the other knights must ride forth on the search. So they confessed and repented, and rode forth to return—all but three—baffled and disappointed. And Sir Launcelot fell to his old love again. But the three, Sir Galahad, Sir Bors, and Sir Percivale, go on, through mystic adventures, cheered by strange sights and happy omens, till they attain the vision of the holy Grail. Then Sir Galahad's work was done, and his pure soul abode no longer on the earth. I know not the meaning of the allegory, nor what was its origin, nor how it came to be mixed up with the other and far different romances; but this I do know, that in all fiction there is no character more pure and true, and worthy of all imitation, than Sir Galahad.

The adventure of the Grail was achieved, the stimulant it had given to holiness of life was withdrawn, the old evils broke out afresh, the retribution of the old sins was at hand. Why need I repeat the grand close of the grandest fiction in the world?—how the sin of Guinevere brought on the rebellion of Launcelot, the sin of Arthur, the treachery of Mordred. The heathen overran the land, and once more Arthur did well and fetsouly, as in the old time before his sin and shame. Then he went from the sight of men, and Guinevere lived not long after she "let make herself a nunne, and wear white clothes and blacke." The great heart of Launcelot broke at sight of all the woe his sins had wrought, and at the death of Guinevere. The rest drew them to their countries, save Sir Bors, Sir Blamor, and Sir Hecton, who died in Palestine on a Good Friday, fighting against the "miscreants."

"Thus endeth the noble and joyous story entitled the *Morte d'Arthur*"—a great and noble book, with all its faults. And I know no work of fiction, old or new, that is more simple and manly, more brave and outspoken,

than the chapters that tell of the death of Sir Galahad and the sorrowful end of the long years of luxury and sin—none that can better teach men wherein lies the true worth of things, and how to endure, trustfully, to see "the old order changing, yielding place to new."

TO SLEEP.

(From the Italian of Filicaja.)

DEATH of the sense—oblivion of all ill—
Dear sleep!—that gently com'st from time to time,
To steep the tumult of man's soul in peace,—
Oh! deign, for some brief space, at least, to still
The struggles of this heart—oh! interpose
Thy peaceful wings betwixt my grief and me!
Close up these eyes that weep and still weep on,
As if their tears were sweet. Dwell in my sense
That while I slumber I may cheat my woes.
I do not ask that with thy potent wand,
Thrice-steeped in Lethe thou should'st sprinkle me;
That is the privilege of happier souls. A brief
And languid quiet will content me well.
The world lies silent all. The winking stars
Invite to sleep. The winds and seas and streams
Are breathing low, with deep and slumberous sounds,
While I alone (Oh, that it should be so!)
Find not one nook in the still caves of Rest.
Four suns already, and as many moons,
Have come and gone, while yet these wretched eyes
Are hungering for the sweetness of thy hand.

High on the Apennine's cold pinnacle
Of rocks, or where the Pisa brings to Arno
Her gift of waters pure and crystalline,
Perchance even now, with eyelids motionless—
All zeal, all faith,—the holy anchorites
Struggle to bar their souls 'gainst thy access.
Oh! come from thence, and dwell for one short hour
In this torn breast, then fly to happier home.
Yea, come from thence, but if thou rather wilt
To wing thy way from haunts where wakeful Love
With dalliance, bitter-sweet, holds thee at bay—
Come not at all! Unblest I may be—sad
Beyond all wont—but not unchaste. My nights
Have never been profaned by rites impure.
Fall on my heart as Spring's last snows descend
On sunny hill, and melting soon, restore
Its wonted hues in freshened loveliness;—
Or, as the pure and innocent dew embrace
And fondle the young flowers at breath of Morn,
Keeping true faith with every shrinking leaf,
So bathe me with moist wings that I may live,
But dare not stain a heart kept heretofore
Immaculate.

Alas! thou lingerest still,
And now Day's sweet forerunner, roseate-locked,
Issuing from Ganges, to all outward things
Their native hues brings back. It may be thou
Hast come and looked on me, and fled,—keen woe
And ever wakeful thought baffling thy power
To reach this heart through these sad eyes. If so,
Unskilful archer, if thy blunted darts
Are hurled in vain against this guarded breast—
Oh! then withdraw thy charmless wand for ever!
Away—Away! Death's icy hand alone
Can freeze the turbulent surges of my grief
Into cold stillness. Only when He comes
My hour of rest will come. I struggle here—
Myself against myself—and Reason seems
Victorious now—now vanquished in my soul.
Could Sorrow have such power—if Will help'd not?
Let my freed Spirit then, disrobed of earth,
Fly hence unveiled to find her rest elsewhere.
My latest eve will swift descend—and if
Death's Image comes not—Death himself will come!

ON SEVERAL WELL-WORN GROOVES.

Is our immortal poet's immortal poem of "Locksley Hall," a certain unnamed but heroic gentleman, at whose precise station or calling in life it is impossible to guess, except that he is vaguely associated with bugles and comrades, and may thus be considered to belong to the Ancient Order of Foresters—expresses himself viciously on the subject of a certain Amy, surname likewise unknown. But in order to make up conscientiously for his general want of courtesy towards the other sex, our hero indulges in a few liberal—not to say radical—aspirations concerning the progress of the world at large, omitting its female inhabitants, and in his enthusiasm expresses a wish to "let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change." Taking this thought,

which is a grand and noble thought, as the text-word of a few rambling ideas, the present writer would fain say a word or two regarding "several well-worn grooves," not intimately connected with change, but rather with the old mechanism along which the great world has continued to spin down to the present time.

And here, with due deference to Tennyson, it would seem that the sweet-singing bard has used a highly poetical, but otherwise erroneous, adjective in speaking of the *ringing* grooves of change. Sooth to say, it is not clear to the comprehension how or wherein the grooves can ring. It would be more expressive, albeit savouring of the burlesque, to have said "the squeaking grooves." It would better have implied their newness, their unusedness, their want of the pliability which comes with long habit and the oil of experience. To the great world—moral or political—new grooves are always hard and obstructive; we do not slide easily into them; we squeak and groan and wheeze. Far more easily do we get on in the old ruts, which are worn so smooth and loose, that the world glides lightly backwards and forwards, unhampered by the splinters of the new wood. Tennyson knows this himself, since he elsewhere sings—

"And let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that which flies."

Or, in other words, let the new grooves be well planed and oiled and made easy, and, above all, let them be flush with the old, that the great world be not a moment retarded in its eternal spin.

It is a remarkable and interesting study, too, to think how very, very old the most of these grooves are; how often they have been traversed before; how well they wear; how regularly we go along them day after day. Look at the great groove of Government. What perpetual outcry there is about its rottenness! Repairs are constantly spoken about; carpenters are always at it; political instruments keep about it an everlasting hammering. Changes in the mechanism seem ever imminent. Yet in six thousand years very few alterations have taken place. Mostly they have been but changes from the Absolute Groove to the Limited Groove, or to the Republican Groove, or to that fearful confusion of joinership termed Anarchy. The groove of Saul was probably rather rough; that of Victoria is unquestionably very smooth; yet the one is but a modification of the other. A large company of unpractical French carpenters once tried a completely new set of fixtures: not content with refitting the Political Groove, they tried to pull up the Religious Groove. Those carpenters are now, it is to be hoped, in that Elysium to which they aspired; their machinery has reverted to its original chaos. The free and enlightened workmen across the Atlantic are playing general havoc with their workmanship. The great world persists in spinning best along the tried Groove of Monarchy, and very little difference do the passing years make in that mechanism.

For, taking one age with another, and our own ever-boasted era with all the rest, the political rut is the same yesterday and to-day. The Queen's Speech, for example (and from that downwards), is a magnificent specimen of immutability. To any radical mind, imbued with an oxygenic idea of progression through the upset of all existing institutions, I wonder if a sense of the ludicrous is occasioned by a perusal of that Speech at the opening of every Parliament? It must palpably evince to such a mind the improbability of great change in the order of things. And really there is room for some little variety, at least in the etymology. Why, for instance, could not that stereotyped phraseology concerning the business of the House of Commons suffer a little inversion? Why is her Gracious Majesty, who surely must possess a ladylike capability of expressing an idea in two or three different ways, compelled, without verbal variety, to inform the gentlemen of the House of Commons that the estimates "have been framed with a due regard to economy and to the efficiency of the public service?" We know—we, the great Taxed—that the estimates are always absurdly economical; and as to the efficiency of the public service, that is never questioned. But why repeat the exact phrase in precisely the same words? Who invented it? Was it Dr. Johnson? Or perhaps a constitutional privilege is involved; and here the loyal mind takes a retrospective glance at Magna Charta, and forbears treasonable enquiry. Anyhow, that bit of regal pleasantry concerning the estimates appears legally bound up and incorporated with the British Constitution.

The ridiculous evenness of the Government Groove, in its practical as well as its verbal working, is too

patent to be suggested as a new idea. We can sketch out the proceedings of a whole parliamentary session before the House meets. Given the measures to be brought forward, and we know precisely what the Opposition will do; how the First Lord will be hauled over the hottest of Ministerial coals; how the patricidal policy of the Foreign Secretary will be severely called into question; how the periodical excitement of the Budget will be used as an occasion for showing up the iniquity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Finally, at the end of many months of talk, the suns of August dry up the arid remnants of patriotism; and, after some measures passed to improve the working of things, and some others to make things rather worse, and infinitely more to leave them as they are, the remaining legislation is hurriedly shuffled aside, to go through a similar process next year. Nor is the process varied, though the patriotic Opposition succeed in carrying the day. The burden of the song is still the same: the rhyme is simply altered, and the refrain of Tweedledum changed in its last syllable. The principle is beautifully illustrated in *Framley Parsonage*. When the Titans succeed in capturing Olympus, they do but carry out the same measures of government which, in the hands of the gods, they opposed. All the gigantic labour, all the piling of mountains, and the scaling and the battering of the gates of heaven, are but to execute divine conceptions. Tom Towers knew it, and used to foretell the Titanic proceedings; Tom could prophesy when the celestial siege would be carried, and what the besiegers would do when the ruling of the universe should fall into their hands. And more men can foresee the same than Tom Towers of the *Jupiter*: they can foresee it who watch the unvaried sliding to-and-fro of the State along the Government Groove.

There is another Groove which is always being repaired and ameliorated, but seldom with any happy results; it is called Education. I do not in this place allude to University Education, but to the broad slide, which should bear the heavy weight of the nation, and which is called in popular phrase the Education of the Masses. How joininger philosophers hammer at that groove! Every three or four years there arises an outcry that it is old and feeble and worn out, and then the din of workmanship commences, and the whole country's business is how to rectify it. Perhaps such efforts are not altogether unsuccessful. Perhaps the Groove is improved; works easier; grates less harshly; is broadened more, to carry a greater proportion of the masses into knowledge and power. But the repairing goes on very slowly. The masses do not care much to be educated. You oil the Groove with a few 'ologies, and it only sticks the more. When they have got the necessities of learning, they do not thank you for the luxuries. Of course, no one is here arguing against the utility of those luxuries. It is very nice, for instance, to disseminate your geometry among the people. Your chemistry would be highly useful to a bricklayer, because he has to do with clay and mortar, and—might find out what it was, and all that sort of thing. Likewise your Latin would prove beneficial to a labourer; for he might be asked a direction by a foreigner in the street, and if he did not know the foreigner's language, might answer him in Latin, which would impress the stranger immensely. But somehow or other the masses do not see these things in the right aspect. As soon as they have got the bare elements—sometimes even before—they set about some practical way of making bread, and leave abstract research to their betters. Even in their leisure the idea of improvement never strikes them. The fount of knowledge—very pure and sparkling to the meditative palate—is not alcoholic enough for them. There is far more pleasure to be had out of whisky and gin. True, reformers start up in this as in every other evil; legislators for the public good determine that the masses shall be elevated; and they organise Working Men's Associations, and build lecture-rooms and reading-rooms and club-houses, and get in a stock of magic-lanterns, newspapers, lectures, and cups of coffee, while peripatetic improvers of the people, spiritually and anti-spiritually, point out to them paths of peace to be attained through the silent highway of teetotalism. But the masses are stubbornly blind, and decline to be elevated. The lecture-rooms and reading-rooms fail to attract, and are generally shut up in a few months. The magic lanterns at first impress small boys with wild ideas of the beautiful; but the older members are not so easily stimulated. What care they for such entertainment, to whose sight, when reeling home, every street-lamp is a magic lantern in itself? And the newspapers are torn to light their sooty pipes, and the

cups of coffee at twopence are exchanged for the same amount of whisky. And so the public benefactors give up trying for a season; and the Working Men's Associations shut up for a few years; and the obstinate masses settle down to their old groove of education. And a very bad one it is—far worse than similar ones in continental workshops.

The present writer would here, by way of parenthesis, suggest for the consideration of the promoters of Working Men's Associations, and other means tending to "elevate" the lower classes, that a great deal that is nonsensical and impractical is talked about this same elevation. It is taking the unpopular side to say so: it is going against all received faith, and socially scientific philosophers would shut their ears to the heresy; but nevertheless it remains a very doubtful question, whether you improve a nation by educating its working classes to the masthead of literature. You teach them much that it is advisable to know: that is proper. You give them an impetus and a leverage to rise from their low positions and better themselves: that is very proper too. But supposing they do rise—and in a body—and supposing there are none to fill their places—how then? The calling of a tinker or of a chimney-sweep is a shockingly low one; and if you can educate a tinker or chimney-sweep until he is fitted to embrace a higher vocation, well and good. But, unfortunately for theory, the world requires both tinkers and sweeps; and if you have rendered our friend unfitted for his position, who is to take his place? Some may object that the spread of education would not fit all labouring men to assume a higher station; that some would lag behind; that, in fact, only the exceptions would rise. But the principle must be applied generally, or not at all: the rule cannot be made for exceptions only. You educate your tinker, so that he either soars above his sphere to something better, leaving a vacancy behind, or he becomes dissatisfied with his position. He cannot return from a perusal of Mr. Ruskin's pamphlets to the mending of pots. He cannot reconcile a comprehension and appreciation of *The Idylls of the King*, with a daily life devoted to the economy of Kettles. So the question stands: Allowed that education be universally applied to the people, and that the lower classes have so grasped it as to be enabled to occupy a higher status, who is to do the work formerly performed by these lower classes? And if education be not applied to this end, how or why is it to be applied?

With this digression, and with the satisfaction of having had a little tilt at socially scientific gentlemen, the writer wishes to get back to his Groove as quickly as possible. And the mention of social science suggests a contemplation of some of the Grooves connected with non-scientific society—some of the Well-Worn Grooves, in short, in which the world of fashion rotates with unwearying pertinacity and unvarying monotony, and which are oldest and most used of all.

There is the first Ball-room Groove. It requires but little force of imagination to realise how desperately circumscribed this one is. Taking one's last ball as a criterion; taking one's penultimate ball as corroborative; taking one's ante-penultimate ball, and all one's preceding balls as conclusive—what a fearfully shallow Groove it is! Naturally it is intended to be shallow. The order of things is not meant to progress along such a channel as this. The spinning of the great world down the ringing grooves of change does not take place to a waltz accompaniment; but it is gradually becoming narrower and shallower still; we are reducing variety—even such variety as we have. Our *manière d'être* in the Ball-room is being limited to an uniformity absolutely awful. Why are the very dances reduced to an absurd triad of waltz, galop, and quadrille? Why should the quiet polka be shelved, and the unassuming schottische? The objection that these are vulgar and boisterous is irrelevant; the galop is far more boisterous, and as or wild vulgarity, the reel—considerably sprinkled over the programme in not more than a couple—is pre-eminent in that respect. It must seem, too, to any ballroom *habitué*, who ever mourns over the hardness of his life, that the very conventionalisms he is doomed to utter season after season become more and more straitened, until their very repetition haunts him with a sense of cruelty. Your contributor has frequently felt it. Placed in the Ball-room Groove on Thursday, to work up and down in precisely the same fashion in which he laboured on Monday, he has been tortured by the reflection of saying exactly the same things to his partner, which he uttered the last time, and the time before that, and back through a dismal retrospect of seasons to his utmost youth. And having

used up with his quadrille partner the old train of ideas in which he revelled with his waltz partner, he has glanced furtively over his shoulder to see if the latter lady has not overheard him, with the mortifying conviction that she has and must think him very weak. Then the horror of using the same conversation twice or thrice to the same partner! What a blessing would that man confer on the unremembering and feeble-minded, who should invent a Ball-room Conversational Memorandum Book, to remind the conversationalist what stock of ideas he had exhausted, and with whom. It might be ruled with neat columns, and carried together with the list of dances thus:—

NO.	DANCE.	PARTNER.	SUBJECTS OF CONVERSATION.
8.	Lancers.	Blonde in pink, high nose, pearls in hair. Name unknown: introduced by Mrs. Gadderton.	Heat of room.—Efficiency of the band.—Asked her if she had been in the Park to-day.—Royal Academy and Horticultural Gardens.—The Swellhams' party last week: said I was there, knowing she wasn't.—Mem.—Not to contradict myself by admitting I was never asked.

Only by such means can the *contretemps* be avoided of repeating one's previous remarks, when one does not possess a sufficiently good memory to retain all the nonsense already given utterance to.

The Ball-room Groove reminds one of the Dinner-table Groove, to which it is very similar. But the latter has so often been shown up of late, that it is more than a twice-told tale. Mr. Thackeray excelled in it; the *Times* also, a year or two ago, tried to remodel its working, as far as the culinary machinery went. But the Groove is far too hard and stiff to be easily altered, and so the property saddle of mutton of the *Times* re-appears still with unvaried success, like the baby in a pantomime. With this is intimately connected a Groove, which is used with great effect at public dinners, and which, *faute de mieux*, let us call the Groove of Toast-drinking. The Groove of Toast-drinking is one, down which public benefactors and public orators slide with a glib air of benevolent sincerity. Whenever on festive occasions the machinery of peace and goodwill is set in motion—which is generally the case after good feeding—it is inevitably propelled along the Groove of Toast-drinking. The proceedings can take no other form: they would become anti-British if they did so. People come to drink toasts and to listen to speeches, and their uproarious applause at the feeblest platitudes testifies their enjoyment of it all.

"Will you fill your glasses, gentlemen? H'm. Hah. Mr. Chair-man and gent-lemen—"

This denotes that the company have entered the Groove, and will remain in it for several hours. The orator, inspired by the evident interest that his words have awakened, proceeds to inform his audience that he is *sure*. It is very characteristic of toast-proposers that they are so *sure* of everything. The phrase is safe to occur once in every two or three periods; and it is usually pronounced "shaw."

"There is this evening a gentleman present in our midst, whose a—whose name, I'm shaw, has but to be—a—proposed to—a—awaken that enthusiasm which, I'm shaw, our appreciation of his—his many virtues must, I'm shaw, evoke—"

Great applause is safe to follow this neat tribute to the honoured one (who tries to look meek and grateful), and the orator proceeds to assuage the company that he is shaw of the truth of all the pretty encomiums he passes. Down to the end, which he generally arrives at by saying—

"And with these few words, I am shaw you will at once respond to my toast, by drinking to the health and prosperity of our may-I-say-worthy friend, Mr. Asterisk." And the burst of fervid enthusiasm and wild clatter of glasses proclaim how justified the speaker was in his assurance.

Now, when Mr. Asterisk, the may-I-say-worthy friend of the community rises to reply, we are morally certain of what at least his first sentence will be. He will thank the company for "the manner in which they have drunk his health."

It is a very extraordinary thing, that no toast can be responded to, without introducing this "manner in which." It is invariably dragged in. "I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the manner in which you have drunk my health." "I have to thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the manner in which you have proposed my health, and for the way in which it has been re-

sponded to." "The manner in which my health has been drunk this night is one for which I feel proud and honoured." These, and infinitely more, are mere variations on the old theme destined to introduce the manner in which. Why should the phrase be essential? We never use it elsewhere, when necessitated to express our obligations. "I will thank you for the manner in which you pass the bottle," would sound highly ridiculous. "Many thanks for the manner in which you have done me the honour of calling," would considerably astonish a visitor. Or, in answer to an inquiry after one's health, fancy the effect of replying, "Quite well, thank you for the manner in which." One might imagine Mrs. Camp replying thus; and one can more readily imagine the phrase in the mouths of the male Gamps, who rejoice in their rhetorical powers in proposing and thanking toasts.

I was once—and only once—present at a foreign prandial ceremony, where the company attempted to drink healths after the British manner. It was in a German duchy, the occasion being a public dinner on the birthday of the reigning Duke. The Amtmann, or Chief Magistrate of the town, was in the chair, and the Bürgermeister officiated as vice. The municipal authorities were compelled to organise an annual dinner on the birthday of His Highness, who was not extremely popular: hence, probably, the flatness of the whole affair. But it was unmistakably a failure, so far as the speech was concerned—for there was but one. How could the plethoric Germans hope to revel in that profusion of benevolent verbiage, wherein Britons alone excel? Silence was called for the *To-ast* (even the name of the thing being unknown in Deutsch). The Amtmann rose, bungled, stopped: there was no applause—nothing corresponding to the encouraging "Hear, hear." But the Amtmann, reviving, got involved in a verbal maze essentially German, not to say obscure—said something about the "Ducal master-ship possessing an unshiverable foundation in the obedience of his under-ordered love-havers and subjects,"—and sat down, proposing a *Hoch!* The company accordingly sprang up, and shouted "Hoch!" several times, and looked fierce, and resumed their seats. There was no one to respond; and I vainly longed for my old friend—"the manner in which." I wondered if it possessed a co-relative in German, and whether it would translate "*die Mode worin*."

Those who in public move in the Groove of Toast-drinking, have frequently in private life a Groove of their own, which may be called the Groove of Old Fogysm. It is one to which we are all tending, we who spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change. Matured generations have been Old Fogies long; rising generations progress towards the same. Elderly Fogies of the Georgian period are contemptuously shelved by the ardent youth of this day; ere long the spirits of the Victorian age will become Old Fogies, too. It is a sad, sad reflection that the mere act of living long brings with it the egotism and self-sufficiency peculiar to Old Fogies. We get once into the Groove, never more to leave it. We become aware of it by involuntarily giving vent to certain ideas bespeaking Old Fogysm. "Little children should be seen and not heard;" "You are young now, my friend, but will know better shortly;" "Ah, well, it was not so formerly;" are infallible indications of our entrance into this Groove. And thus we glide insensibly down it, becoming older and more Fogish still—down this Groove—down the sad Grooves of Decay—down, lastly, to the old, oft-traversed Groove of Death.

But what shall we say of that Groove—last and best of the series here mentioned—the ancient well-worn Groove of Love—worn by—ah! so many million feet of happy lovers since the world began! The old, old Groove—the Groove manufactured by two sinless hearts ere the Serpent's malice essayed to shiver it into splinters? And though he partially succeeded—though he strewed it with sighs and sorrow, and forced it to run, like other Grooves, to Death—though never through all time down to Shakespeare's day, and thence until now, has its course run smooth—it is the same Groove still, nearest akin to happiness. The grand old Gardener and his wife, expelled from earthly bliss, were suffered in all their sin to remain in it. The young patriarch, flying from a brother's revenge, made for it easily and naturally. The wisest monarch glided in it from wisdom into sin. The warlike world went raging for ten years, until Ilium fell, because Paris could not get out of the Groove. In it Antony lost empire and life; in it Romeo dared the death that could not divide; in it fair Marguerite regained the heaven her

love had almost cost. In it poets, philosophers, enthusiasts, have written, rejoiced; minstrels have sung it, princes have fought for it, and preachers prayed. From the lover Adam, B.C. 4000, to the lover Jones, A.D. 1864, the Groove has been worn down by the track of hearts, yet is ever new. Good-will go with all in the course! Good-will with you, with me, along the Well-Worn Groove of Love, through passing time into immortality!

THE CHURCHES OF FLORENCE.

May 20th.—We were too anxious to do Florence to lie long in bed. So before the breakfast hour we were all in the adjoining square admiring the Duomo, the Campanile, and the Baptistry. We had all heard, and most of us had seen, the fine casts of the world-wide-known gates in bronze of the Baptistry in the Edinburgh School of Design, and experienced a new pleasure in beholding the originals. The northern gate, by Ghiberti, represents the principal events of our Saviour's ministry, and the eastern the leading events of the Old Testament. Flaxman says regarding these gates:—"The criticism of Sir Joshua Reynolds was one indisputable proof of that great man's judgment in the sister arts. His observation amounted to this—that Ghiberti's landscape and buildings occupied so large a portion of the compartments that the figures remained but secondary objects, entirely contrary to the principles of the ancients." Westmacott, however, remarks:—"It is not pretended that these reliefs are free from faults. Their chief imperfection arises out of the undefined notions which then existed of the true principle that respectively govern or should govern composition in painting and sculpture. It is obviously out of the province of the latter art (which is confined to representing objects by defined forms alone), to attempt perspective appearances and effects, which can only be truly and correctly given by aid of colour, or by the skilful disposition of light and shade. In the work under consideration this principle is invaded; objects are represented in various planes; and those which are subordinate are, in consequence of the necessary relief given to them, in order to define their forms, forced upon the attention, or cast shadows to the injury of more important features in the design. The number of small parts, and a too great minuteness of detail, are also defects in this remarkable work, and deprive it of that breadth of effect which is so admirable a quality in Art."

We were much delighted with the interior of the Baptistry, where we had the pleasure of seeing the ceremony of baptism performed, according to the ritual of the Church of Rome—and much ceremony there was about it. All the children born in Florence are here baptized. The number is stated by Murray to be now about 4,200 per annum. From 1470 to 1490 the average was 2,094 annually; from 1794 to 1803 it was 3,756; in 1835 it was 3,750. It is stated that, taking the average of months, births are fewest in June, and most plentiful in December, February, and March; in some measure accounted for by a greater proportion of the marriages taking place after Easter. The proportion of females to males presented for baptism is as 113 to 100. We returned to our hotel to breakfast, and hired a guide—then sallied forth to the Duomo. This magnificent cathedral was designed, it seems, by several architects, but the chief artist was Brunelleschi, whose statue in marble stands opposite the pile, as if contemplating the finished work. The great merits of this artist are exhibited in his masterly construction of the dome, which is larger than St. Peter's, and also in his inventing a new style of ornamentation, which bears his name. The cupola is octagonal, and is 138 feet 6 inches in diameter; and from the cornice of the drum to the edge of the dome the height is 133 feet 3 inches. Before it nothing had appeared with which it could be placed in comparison. The dome of St. Mark, at Venice, and of the Cathedral of Pisa, are far below it in grandeur and simplicity of construction. It served as a model to Michael Angelo for that of St. Peter's. The interior is rather dark and dismal, and the eye requires some time before it perceives objects distinctly when entering from the bright glare outside. The windows being narrow, and the stained glass very dark, cause the gloom. Above the side-door we saw the noble monument erected by the grateful Florentines to their great general, Sir John Hawkwood, an Englishman by birth, and a tailor by trade. He left his country and his needle and rose to be one of the greatest commanders of his era. He

was born at Sible Hedingham, in the county of Essex, where an honorary cenotaph was erected to his memory. Hallam says of him:—"Hawkwood appears to me the first real general of modern times: the earliest master, however imperfect in science, of Turenne and Wellington. Every contemporary Italian historian speaks with admiration of his skilful tactics in battle, his stratagems, his well-conducted retreats. Praise of this description is hardly bestowed, certainly not so continually, on any former captain." Besides bestowing this monument, the republic interred Hawkwood at the expense of the state, and all the noble citizens of Florence came to attend the funeral pomp.

We were very much interested in seeing behind the high altar a Pietà, or group of the Virgin Mother, Mary and Nicodemus entombing the body of our Lord, by Michael Angelo. It is remarkably fine; though unfinished, it shows all the power of the master. He intended, it is said, to have had this group placed over his own tomb, but he was disheartened by a flaw in the marble, and left it, as it now is, in an unfinished condition. Beneath, the inscription states that it was the *postremum opus* of the great sculptor and architect of Italy. We did not ascend the Campanile or Bell Tower—by far the finest in Italy—being satisfied with its beauty both of proportion and decoration from below. It was designed by Giotto, and begun in 1334. The ground plan is square, rising with the same dimensions to the height of 275½ feet English. Taddeo Gaddi, who had the direction of the works after Giotto's death, considered it would be better to omit the superstructure, which, according to the former design, was to have risen in the form of a spire to a further height of 95½ feet. The style is Italian Gothic. It is decorated most elaborately by Pisano and Luca della Robbia. The principal bass-reliefs represent the creation of Adam and Eve, and the leading incidents in the early history of the race, as described in the Old Testament. Our next visit was to the Pantheon of Florence, the Church of Santa Croce. This magnificent church was commenced in 1294, by the celebrated architect Arnolfo. It is 460 feet long, and 134 feet wide across the nave and two aisles. In a niche over the principal door stands a bronze statue, by Donatello, of St. Louis, Bishop of Toulouse. Above the circle are the letters I. H. S., remarkable as having been placed there by St. Bernardine, of Sienna, after the plague of 1437. He was the inventor of these initials to denote the name and mission of our Lord—"Jesus Hominum Salvator." He travelled through the country, putting up these Christian initials wherever he went. We gave all praise to Bernardine, as this was but the second time in Italy we had seen the sacred letters recognised—the Virgin in every other taking precedence in the worship of the Catholic Church, and evidently more adored than the Saviour. The steeple of Santa Croce is a recent one, and did not at all raise our admiration of the modern architecture of the Italians. The interior of Santa Croce, though undoubtedly very fine, was principally interesting to us from the monuments and tombs of some of the greatest men of Italy, or perhaps the world. The first monument on the right is erected to the memory of Sestini, the numismatist. It is modern, plain, and elegant. Beyond it is the tomb of Michael Angelo. The three sister Arts, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, appear as mourners. The bust is by Lorenzi, and considered a faithful likeness. The figure of Architecture is very fine. It is said that Michael Angelo chose this spot for his last resting-place, so that when the doors of the church were open he might see from his tomb the cupola of the Cathedral, which had inspired him with the idea of St. Peter's. Further on is a colossal monument to Dante, by Ricci, poor in design—another painful instance that Art in Italy is now decidedly on the wane. At the third chapel is a fine Christ by Vasari, and beyond it Alfieri's monument by Canova, erected by the Countess of Albany. This is very fine indeed. Beyond the fifth chapel are the tomb and monument of Machiavelli, the prince of politicians. Passing others erected to Bruni and Arctino, we came to one erected to the celebrated botanist, Michele; and further on we stood with great interest before the monument erected by the Grand Duke to Nobili, by far the greatest natural philosopher of which the Neapolitans could boast. To Nobili we owe our present means of determining degrees of heat to within a millionth part of a degree of Fahrenheit, and almost all our knowledge of thermo-electricity. But all his genius, labours, and successes were nothing in the balance when weighed against his dislike to the despotism of King Bomba, who banished him his

dominions. The late Grand Duke of Tuscany, to his credit, afforded the great physicist an asylum for life and a fitting monument over his remains when dead. Around the monument are representations of his instruments, by which he had so successfully interrogated Nature, and wrenched from her so many secrets. He lies in fitting proximity to Galileo. On the opposite side of the church is the celebrated Descent from the Cross, by Bronzino; near to it a monument to Giovanni Targioni, one of the most eminent naturalists of the last century. Between the first and second chapel is the monumental tomb of the greatest of Italy's sons, the starry Galileo. This grand monument was erected, nearly a hundred years after the death of its illustrious occupant, by the heirs of his favourite pupil, Viviani, in the year 1787. Galileo was first buried in a corner of the Chapel of SS. Cosimo and Damiano within the convent, although he had expressed a desire on his death-bed that he should be buried alongside his pupil Viviani; and notwithstanding the efforts of the family of the latter to carry his dying request into execution, so inveterate was the feeling against his memory on the part of the clergy and the Court of Rome, that permission to remove his bones into the church was only obtained on the accession of a Florentine Pope, Clement XII., of the Corsini family, in 1737. In the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament we saw the monument to the Countess of Albany, the wife of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, which, of course, had a melancholy interest for us. All the paintings in Santa Croce are of the very highest merit, particularly those by Vasari. As this was the festival of St. Michael, the church was very full, and we for the first time saw nearly as many males as females at their devotions. Religious fervour, if measured by the attendance at church, is very low among the male population of Italy, as none but a few very aged sinners seemed to think it necessary to attend. From Santa Croce we went to the Church of La Santissima Annunziata, where in the cloisters we saw some of the earliest specimens of fresco painting in Italy. The best are by Andrea del Sarto, who was miserably ill paid for so much labour. Those we most admired were the Restoration to Life of a Dead Child, and the Birth of the Madonna. In the cloisters Andrea was buried, and a bust taken while in life is erected above his grave. The interior of this church is very grand, and quite bedizened with votive offerings, mostly silver. The roof of the nave and cupola are covered with beautiful paintings by Il Volterrano. The front of the high altar is of massive silver, richly sculptured in high relief; and above is a magnificent tabernacle in the same material and workmanship. Except, perhaps, in the monastery of St. Elmo, Naples, we had not yet seen so richly inlaid marble decorations as covered the choir of this church. We also saw a fresco here, called the Madonna del Sacco, from the circumstance, it is said, that Sarto only received a sack of wheat as his recompense. The colours have faded considerably, but the composition is masterly. The piazza of this church is very fine. In the centre stands a fine bronze statue of Ferdinand I., cast from the cannons taken by the Knights of St. Stephen from the Turks. We obtained a fine stereoscopic view of the piazza and statue.

Our next visit was to the Church of San Lorenzo—a huge mass of rude brickwork externally, but within containing some of the gems of Italian art. Michael Angelo supplied plans for finishing the front elevation, but they have not yet been executed. We found little interest in the interior of this church, great though it be, except that in the chapels around were laid the remains of the distinguished in rank and in politics who had contributed to the freedom and grandeur of the Republic of Florence. In the pavement before the high altar we saw the sepulchral monument of Cosmo di Medici, having the inscription "*Pater Patrie*" upon it—certainly well bestowed. It is a large mass of porphyry, inlaid with precious stones—an art in which the Florentines excel all Europe. In the Capella di Medici we saw ample evidence that nowhere but here could such magnificence in the art of combining rare stones into graceful forms with harmonious colouring be attained. We had seen very much to excite our wonder in various churches in Italy, of the time and labour, and even genius, displayed in the indenting precious marbles and other hard gems into as hard matrices; but here all were thrown into the shade. This celebrated chapel has long served for the last resting-place of the members of the celebrated Medici—a family who have done more in their generation for the Fine Arts than all the crowned heads of Europe.

The walls are entirely covered with the richest jaspers, marbles, agate, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, and even onyx of the rarest kind we saw here adorning the walls. We boast ourselves—or rather did—the possession of the largest specimen of Scotch jasper yet split and polished in Britain, exceeding 100 square inches: here we saw agates and jaspers exceeding 500 square inches, polished and flat, which fairly eclipsed all we had yet seen, or even imagined, in the art of the lapidary. But the vastness and size of the chapel, covered as it is with such evidences of human labour, is nothing to the minuteness of design and execution in many portions of the walls. The expense of this work can scarcely be conceived but by those who, like ourselves, have really tried their hands at this most tedious of all arts, that of sitting and polishing silicious stones. Murray has given a very full account of this Florentine art, which we extract:—"The Florentine Mosaic differs very much from the Roman. In the latter the colours are artificial, it being formed of small pieces of opaque glass, called 'smalto.' In the Florentine Mosaics, no colours are employed excepting what are natural to the stone, and the varied tints and shadings are formed by a judicious adaptation of the gradations which the material affords. By means of these only, graceful and elaborate representations of flowers, fruit, ornaments, &c., have been produced. Marbles and jaspers of brilliant colours, being, of course, very valuable, are only used in thin slices, like veneers, about one-eighth of an inch thick. The process is extremely tedious, and therefore expensive. The pattern is drawn on paper; each piece is then cut out, and drawn on the stone chosen. The stone is sawn by means of a fine wire stretched by a bow, and is worked down with emery powder at a wheel until it fits exactly. It is then joined to the other pieces by being set in a backing of white cement about half-an-inch thick. When the work is completed, this cement is planed down even, and a slab of slate put at the back. Some of the works now in hand in the Grand Ducal Manufactory, and intended for the high altar of this chapel, will be the most beautiful specimens yet produced. The armorial bearings of the principal cities and states of Tuscany incorporated in the dominions of the Medici, which range round the chapel, are examples of the richness of this work. The red Giglio on the Shield of Florence is the most elegant of the coats. It is delicately and elaborately formed of different hues of coral and cornelian, inlaid so as to represent the relief and the shading of the flower, which is evidently, like the *fleur-de-lys* of France, no lily, but the three-petalled iris which still grows on the walls of Florence and in such abundance in moist ground near the sea in Arran. All the bearings, as before observed, are natural stopes, the giallo antico standing for or, lapis lazuli azure, rosso antico gules. In only one instance is help given by art. It is in the case of the Lion Argent of Pienza, which, formed of semi-transparent alabaster, has beneath it a shading on the ground which shows through the stone. The Medicæan Cenotaphs are in splendour of material in accordance with the Mausoleum which encloses them. They are formed of red and grey granite. The only statues yet placed on the tombs are those of Ferdinand I., who died in 1610, and of Cosimo II., which, as a work of art, stands pre-eminent. The cushion on which the Grand Ducal Crown is placed, is of the most wonderful workmanship. It far surpasses the one we saw in the Corsini Chapel at Rome. This, besides being inlaid with *pietra dura*, is covered with precious stones. The frescoes on the roof are very fine, and, although modern, may compare without disparagement with many of the works of the ancient masters."

In the Capella Dei Depositi, which opens into the opposite transept, we were delighted with one of Michael Angelo's most remarkable works—the tomb of Lorenzo de Medici. Westmacott says of this work:—"The statue of Lorenzo is seated. He is represented in thought. He rests his face upon his hand, which partially covers his chin and mouth. The general action is one of perfect repose, and the expression that of deep meditation. It is impossible to look at this figure without being forcibly struck with the mind that pervades it. For deep and intense feeling, it is one of the finest works in existence. It has been well observed of this statue, that it has no resemblance to the antique, but it rivals the best excellences of the ancients in expression combined with repose and dignity." The figures reclining at his feet are intended to represent Morning and Evening. The other monument is that of Giuliano de Medici, the

third son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The figures on his monument represent Day and Night. These celebrated figures are well known to artists.

In the evening we met with a very pleasant party at the *table d'hôte*, and found the Montepulciano wine a more delicious beverage than we had before obtained in Italy.

GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA.

"*Mireille*" was produced in the middle of March, at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, and has been presented at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, in an Italian dress last month. The librettist, M. Carré, has founded his book on a Provençal legendary-poem, called "*Mireio*," by Mistral, which M. de Lamartine praises very highly in his "*Conversations*." The conception of "*Mireille*" is very beautiful and very poetical—but it has been mutilated of half its beauty in being translated from the old Provençal to the rapid action and conventional language of the stage. Moreover, as will be conceded, the librettist does not appear to have made the most of his materials. Had he done other than what he has, there is no conjecture more likely than that *Mireille* might have been another *Marguerite*, and the opera itself another "*Faust*." Let us describe the story, with its incidental musical numbers. The first act discloses a rural scene in the fair fields of Provence—where girls are gathering mulberry leaves. The very first number, a chorus for women's voices, is one of the few inspirations of the opera—"Chantez, chantez, magnanarelles," and was *bis*ed the first night. As the girls gather the mulberry-leaves for their silk-worms, the fortune-teller of the place—a good one this time—Taven comes on for a little palmistry, eventually leaving the stage for a *Faustian* love scene between *Mireille* and Vincent, who pays her pretty compliments, in talking of a sister who bears a resemblance to *Mireille*. "Oh! c'est Vincent—comme il sait gentiment tout dire!"—replies the girl. But Vincent's course of love runneth by no means smoothly. He is only a basket-maker; and he has a rival, one *Ourrias*, a treader, preferred by *Mireille*'s father, Ramon. With the love duo the act ends. In the second act, which represents another Provençal scene at Arles, the country side is *en fête*, and M. Gounod endeavours in this act, not unsuccessfully, to rival the fair-scene in "*Faust*." There is a quaint dance for the ballet interrupted by a chanson "*Magali*," by *Mireille*, and Vincent and chorus. "*Magali*" is the name of an old legendary ditty about a young witch who puzzles her lover by taking all manner of shapes—through which the faithful swain traces her, and at last wins her. The dramatic effect of this incidental song, and the skilful manner in which it is wrought out by the composer, combine to make the scene in which it occurs one of the most charming in the whole work. The second is, in fact, the great act. Two airs occur after the "*Magali*" scene, viz., Taven's song—

"Voici la saison, mignonne,
Ou les galants font leur choix—"

and a magnificent aria for *Mireille*, "*Mon cœur ne peut changer—souviens-toi que je t'aime!*" in which occurs a touching and melodious *largo*, followed by a brilliant *allegro*, à la *bravura*. A song is here allotted to *Ourrias*, "*Si les filles d'Arles sont reines*." At this point *Ambroise*, Vincent's father, comes on to propitiate Le Maître Ramon, father of *Mireille*, giving a good situation—indeed the only one in the entire opera—for a finale. Maître Ramon leads off with a sort of profession of faith as head of the family. *Mireille* comes in with an avowal of her love for Vincent, in impassioned accents, and pleads her suit with an invocation to her sainted mother. Two phrases are noted as full of genius, both on the part of composer and artist—"A vos pieds, hélas! me voilà"—and "Ah! c'en est fait, je désespère"—in which Carvalho made a profound sensation. The whole of this concerted piece—the anger of *Mireille*'s father—the wrath of *Ambroise*—the grief of the heroine—are all strongly marked as they are finely drawn. Up to this point the story marches—the music reminds one of "*Faust*"—and breathes Gounod's best thoughts.

The third act opens on the Val d'Enfer, and dashes our hopes almost as low as the mythic locality itself. Vincent, chased from the village, is followed by the revengeful *Ourrias*, who provokes him into a quarrel, and, striking him with his iron trident, leaves him for dead on the plain. (This act may be characterised as one long duologue, of no great interest, for barytone

and tenor.) *Ourrias*, all remorseful for the deed he thinks he has done, flies through a desolate country, and is again discovered on the banks of the Rhone, whilst Taven comes to the succour of Vincent, and restores him to life. At the ruined bridge by the Rhone, *Ourrias* is haunted by phantom voices, who sing in snatches of unearthly chorus behind the scenes. The ferryman comes at his call; but the bull-fighter is an accursed weight, and the boat sinks with its freight, and this brings down the curtain on a tedious act.

Act fourth opens on a pleasant harvest home with an interesting *Chœur de Moissonneurs*. *Mireille*, who has been ignorant of the affray in the Val d'Enfer, is told of her lover's danger by his sister *Vincenette* in a melodious duo, and her fond heart prompts her to go straightway in search of him. Indeed, they have made a compact to this effect—

"Si jamais le malheur vient frapper l'un de nous,
Aux, tous les deux, aux Saintes à genoux."

as *Mireille* exclaims in the first act.

To get to the place of rendezvous, the Church of the Saints, *Mireille* has (in the fourth act), to cross, lone and weary, the arid waste of the Crau. Here she meets with a shepherd boy, who has a piquant Savoyard ditty, "*Heureux petit berger*."

The fifth and last act discovers the Church des Saintes—the bourne of poor *Mireille*'s wanderings. A procession march and chorus are introduced; Vincent appears only to clasp his dying betrothed in his arms, and so the opera concludes.

In the Italian version played at Her Majesty's the story is rendered almost unintelligible by the excision of the third and fourth acts, which were found to drag to a most prejudicial degree. In the last scene, too, *Mireille* is happily wed to her lover, in true English fashion, and thus the affecting climax of the original legend is quite destroyed in favour of a conventional usage supposed to be conducive to the popularity of a drama in this country.

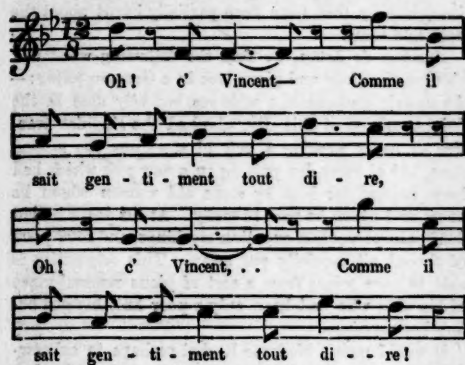
Let us now analyse the music as a score. The cast at Her Majesty's was distributed as follows:—*Mireille* Mdle. Titens (soprano); Taven, Mdme. Trebelli (contralto); and *André*, Mdle. Volpini (soprano); Vincent, Signor Giuglini (tenor); *Ourrias*, Mr. Santley (barytone); Maître Ramon, Signor Juncà (1st bass); Maître Ambroise, Signor Gassier (2nd bass); Vincenette, Mdle. Reboux (1re dugazon); Clemence, Mdle. Moya (2de ditto).

The overture commencing in *c*, *c* time, *Andantino*, is pastoral in character, the melody being generally doubled in the octave below. After twenty-four bars, the *allegro* in 6-8 time enters *piano*, the subject being almost identical with the *allegretto* (afterwards repeated in chorus) in the first scene in "*Faust*." Later on, a second subject is introduced, affording relief from its freshness. A third subject in *D* reminds us very strongly of one of those *chansons* rendered so popular by Jules Lefort, the name of which has escaped our memory. The *allegro* movement is then repeated *fortissimo* on a dominant pedal with good effect, after which it is well worked up to a *maestoso*, the subject being taken from the "*Moissonneurs*" chorus in act four, and with this the overture finishes brilliantly. It differs from many other overtures in one respect, it is not compounded from the principal airs in the opera.

The first act opens with a chorus for female voices (sung while working in the fields), one of the loveliest pieces M. Gounod has ever penned. Its simplicity is charming; to give an idea:—

Chan-ter, chantez, mag-nan-a-rel-les, Car
la cueil-lette ai-me les chants! Com-
-me les ver-tes sau-ter-el-les, Au sol-
-eil, dans l'her-be des champs!

Taven, the fortune-teller, then enters, and has allotted to her a characteristic air in *c* minor, 6-8 time, "Ecoutez-les chanter et rire," the accompanying harmonies being quaint and peculiar. She is recognised by the girls, and a short, lively chorus follows; "C'est Taven, la sorcière." Modulating into *e* flat, some charming solo passages are given to the 1st and 2nd soprano voices alternately, all fresh and sparkling. The solo for Clemence a little later is somewhat similar in character, but breaks off into 3-4 time for a few bars, then going into *r*, leads in the air for Mireille in *e* flat, 3-4 time, "Et moi, si par hasard." This is very flowing and Faustish. The chorus is resumed for another four bars, then follow some new phrases in *d* minor, 6-8 time, for 2nd soprano, answered in the fifth above by the 1st. After short recitatives from Taven and Mireille the first strain "Chantez" is renewed, and the scene closes. In the duo which follows, Vincent pays compliments to Mireille. We may particularly notice the charming phrase for her:—



Vincent has another graceful phrase in *d* flat on the words "Et qu'à l'oiseau," and the original subject then returns. A short recitative then follows, at the end of which he bids her adieu, and the first chorus is again heard behind the scenes differently accompanied, and with it the act concludes. The success of the *Kermesse* scene in "Faust" has doubtless induced M. Gounod to attempt another somewhat of a similar character. The present is, in our opinion, scarcely inferior, and some might prefer it to the former. The whole scene is full of bustle and joviality, and the subjects both of the *farandole* dances and accompanying chorus extremely appropriate and effective. A clever cadenza leads in the "Chanson de Magali," an old legendary ditty, which is remarkable for its peculiar rhythm, every alternate bar being in 9-8 and 6-8 times. The subject is—

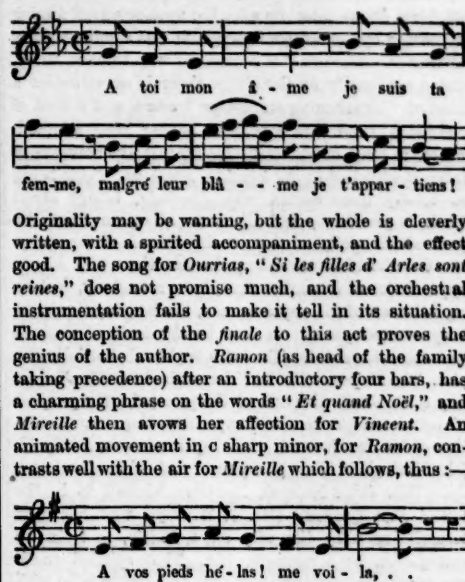


The modulating harmonies, just before the chorus enters, are effectively introduced, but are perhaps a little overdone. Vincent joins Mireille in the original motif, with choral accompaniment *pianissimo* to the end of the movement, the effect being beautiful. The conception of the entire scene is most masterly, and in every way worthy of its author. A signal having been given, the sports are continued to the *farandole* chorus, the interest of which is spiritedly sustained. The succeeding *chanson* for Taven is not very original or attractive at starting. We give the subject:—



As it proceeds, however, it gets more interesting; the chromatic accompaniment to the laughing portion and the phrase for Mireille being noticeable. A recitative, "Trahir Vincent," leads in the grand aria for Mireille,

"Mon cœur ne peut changer," in *e* major, 6-8 time, one of the gems of the opera, the elaborate accompaniment only preventing us from giving an illustration. We give the subject of an exciting *allegro* movement:—



Throwing herself at the feet of her father, she implores him by the name of her sainted mother to grant his forgiveness. The melody is full of beautiful pathetic expression, and the burst into the major on the words "Son âme était clémente et bonne" well conceived. Ramon, becoming abusive in a short *allegro* movement, politely informs his advisers they may "Allez au diable tous les deux." The now desponding Mireille has another very expressive phrase, "C'est en vain:" of this use is made in working out the concerted *finale* for the six principals and chorus. Throughout the entire scene the varied feelings of the imploring daughter; the faithful lover, Vincent; the jealous Ourrias; and the unrelenting father, are all admirably painted. A unison chorus, accompanied in full and massive harmony, finishes the act with fine effect.

Act third commences with a long introduction in *r* sharp minor, 12-8 time, of no great interest, if we except the *pianissimo* passage near the middle. The scene lies in Le Val d'Enfer, consequently it is of a wild and diabolic character, reminding one of Weber in "Der Freyschütz," and Meyerbeer in "Robert le Diable." Nothing strikes us as particularly worthy of notice in the recitatives with chorus which follow, except one short phrase in *d* for male voices, on the words "A quoi bon te mettre en dépense." Vincent enters, calling regretfully upon the name of Mireille. After various recitatives he is recognised by Ourrias, who provokes a quarrel, and a very spirited *allegro* follows in *d* minor, 3-4 time. Ourrias strikes Vincent, and believing the blow fatal, he flies. Taven, hearing a cry of agony, comes to the spot, recognises Vincent, and saves his life. The scene concludes with her calling down curses on Ourrias, whom she has seen making his escape. Scene third takes us to the banks of the Rhone, where Ourrias, full of remorse, has fled. A long scena for barytone, with chorus of spirits (sung à bouche fermée) has no especial interest; indeed, until the entrance of the soprano, in *e* flat, on the words "Nous sommes les folles d'amour," it is tedious.

Ourrias calls upon the ferryman and enters his boat, which goes down with his accursed weight.

With the first scene of act four we return to the fields. It opens with a very animated "Chœur de Moissonneurs," of which we give the principal subject:—



After an additional five bars and a half the *maestoso* movement with which the overture concludes is introduced for six male voices. A short solo for Ramon follows, leading to a chorus for female voices, "Après la moisson finie," the peculiarity of which is its being in three-bar phrases. Another recitative for Ramon and the first chorus, "Amis, Amis," is resumed with a brilliant figure in the accompaniment, finishing *pianissimo*. Ramon in the next recitative mourns over his child and her unfortunate love for Vincent; the colouring given to the passage in *c* minor may be specially noticed. The beautiful symphony finishes *adagio* with a phrase from the *Magali* song, which is afterwards taken up by Mireille behind the scenes, without accompaniment. This concluded, she hears her name called by Vincenette, to whom, in the duet, "Ah! parle ancor," she expresses her fears for the safety of her lover. The *andante* phrase, "C'est aujourd'hui que l'église des Saintes," is simple and expressive. A short recitative for Mireille introduces a prayer, "O patronnes des amoureux," the ending of which is charming from the combined religious and pastoral character of the harmonies. The faithful Mireille then departs in search of her lover. The commencement of the introduction to the second scene is merely a repetition of the first part of the overture; this leads into a pastoral symphony in *e*, 12-8 time, full of quaint character. The melody is doubtless one peculiar to the country wherein the scene is laid. Mireille, on her way to the church des Saintes, passes through the dreary wastes of Cran and falls in with a shepherd boy, who, while guarding his flock, sings the *chanson*, "Le jour se lève." There is character, but no more in it. The pastoral movement is again taken up, and leads to the *savoyard's* song, from which we give the principal and second subjects:—



The first is extremely simple and innocent in character. When the second is introduced in *A* major, the style of the accompaniment changes entirely, being for five bars on the dominant, from which it proceeds unexpectedly through *e* back to the original subject. The treatment of the whole is masterly, and displays originality. The

vision scene for *Mireille* is certainly effective in its situation, but musically there is nothing worthy of notice in it. The pastoral *allegro moderato* is once more heard, this time on a dominant pedal. Having rested awhile, *Mireille* rises to resume her dreary journey, and the act finishes with a graceful and flowing air, "*La pelerine de l'amour*," in a major, 6-8 time. The accompaniment is of a restless character, as bearing out the sentiment of the words, "On, on, no rest for the Pilgrim of Love."

L'Eglise des Saintes Maries is the scene of the fifth and last act, which opens with a processional march and chorus in F major. The figure in the bass gives it originality, and the religious character is well sustained. A short *allegro* and recitative serve to introduce a lovely cavatina for *Vincent* in C 3-4 time. He prays the angels in paradise to watch over and protect his betrothed, the melody and accompaniment being beautifully expressive, and entitling it to rank as one of the gems of the opera. *Vincent* has returned only in time to clasp once more in his arms the dying *Mireille*, who hears and immediately recognises his voice. The finale commences with some recitatives for the lovers, which lead, after an organ prelude, to a chorale, in unison "*Le voile enfin s'est déchiré*;" the melody, accompanied in full harmony, being doubled in the bass. This is unusual, and would be considered by many as not allowable. M. Gounod has, however, availed himself of a license to procure the effect he desired. A new phrase is introduced for *Mireille* on the words, "*Sainte ivresse*." This is repeated with great effect by the principals and chorus, commencing in unison *piano*. An angelic voice is then heard, calling on *Mireille*, whose soul is borne to the realms of eternal bliss, and with a repetition of the chorale the curtain falls.

We have thus analysed "*Mireille*" purely as a score, and it will be seen from our remarks that we consider it contains much of Gounod's best writing. Indeed, it may well be asked in what opera Gounod has not shown throughout the power and handling of a master? But so far as the stage is concerned; so far as the appreciation of a melody-loving public is concerned; so far as this last score of M. Gounod is to be regarded as a dramatic work—"Mireille" has not been a success. Cutting, condensing, omitting, adding, may do much for "*Mireille*," but, in this view, it only stands in the same category with the "*Reine de Saba*," and other fine operas with ridiculous libretti of the same composer.

BROKEN REEDS.

Oh maiden innocent and fair,
Wherever thou may'st chance to be,
Remain the mistress of thy heart,
And ever wander fancy free!
For mortal love shall still deceive,
And fail us in the time of need,
—Our lives we lean upon man's love,
And find it but a broken reed!

Fond mother with thy darling babe
Held closely to thy yearning breast,
Soon shall its little wailing voice
Be silent in eternal rest;
And thou, poor, broken-hearted one,
Shalt ever in thy sorrow heed
A little grave—with daisies grown—
That holds thy hope—thy broken reed!

MDLLE. STELLA COLAS.

THIS young lady, who created such an impression last season in "*Romeo and Juliet*," has re-appeared at the Princess's Theatre, in an English version of a play by the author of "*Louis XI.*," so favourably associated with the name of Charles Kean as the monarch. As Mdle. Colas is about the only star in the summer horizon of London theatrical life, we give the story of the drama in which she now appears.

"*Don Juan d'Autriche*," first acted in Paris in 1895, has since been one of the most popular plays by Casimir Delavigne. One year after its production in the French capital, an English version was played at Covent Garden, and was called "*Don Juan of Austria*." The play has been re-adapted by Mr. John Oxenford; condensed into three acts, and considerably altered in Mdle. Stella Colas' behalf, who now performs two characters. In the second act we lose sight of the heroine altogether, Mdle. Stella Colas appearing as a young, mischievous, and very unwilling boy in training for a monkish order. This affords the charming young actress an admirable chance to display her great versatility; as no contrast could be more violent than *Florinda de Sandoval* of the first and third acts, and the

boy novice *Peblo*, of the second. Mdle. Colas' impersonation of the young monk is one of the most elegant, fresh, and engaging performances possible. It is full of details and artistic touches, which do not in the slightest degree interfere with the spontaneity of feeling expressed by the actress throughout this supplementary character. Though it is a gain one way to have Mdle. Colas constantly on the stage; there is nevertheless a kind of "lengthening amidships" effect, and a kind of confusion from this expedient having been adopted, which to some extent militates against the continuous interest attached to the heroine, *Florinda*. *Peblo* being so totally unconnected with *Florinda*, brings about fresh impressions, and distracts attention from the part which really carries on the thread of the story. Mr. Oxenford has worked up the situations with a keen appreciation of dramatic effect; but we must say, that for a gentleman of his acquirements, the language is singularly commonplace. It may be the fault of Casimir Delavigne, but so it is. The following is, substantially, the plot. The Emperor Charles V. has retired to "*The Monastery of St. Just*" (the title of the piece), for the purpose of devotional exercises, and superintending a representation of his own funeral. His legitimate son, *Philip II.* (Mr. Vining), is King of Spain; and his natural one, *Juan* (Mr. John Nelson), imagines himself to be the son of *Don Quezada* (Mr. J. W. Ray), who has been commissioned by the wily bigot, *Philip*, to train up young *Juan* for a monastic life. That spirited youth has exactly opposite inclinations, and *Philip* (who with *Quezada* alone knows *Juan's* parentage), is frankly enlightened on this subject by his brother. *Juan*, moreover informs the King of his love for, and approaching marriage, with *Florinda de Sandoval* (Mdle. Colas), who imagines herself to be a Jewess; and consequently eligible for burning at the hands of the Spanish Catholics. She tells *Juan* this dreadful secret, but he disregards the objection, and resolves to cling to his love. By *Quezada's* connivance, the King represents himself to *Juan* as a simple Count, vested with authority over him by his deceased father. The King is passionately in love himself, with a beautiful girl he saw but once, and promises to go to *Florinda's* house at *Juan's* request. Of course, *Florinda de Sandoval* is the object of his love; and *Philip's* mind is made up with regard to his brother and *Florinda*. *Quezada* is ordered to place *Juan* in a monastery, where he is to remain for his lifetime; and, by virtue of his power as a King, *Philip* compels *Florinda* to renounce her lover, that the field may be left clear for himself. *Quezada* contrives to take the young man to the Monastery of St. Just, where the old Emperor Charles V. exists as brother *Anselmo* (Mr. Marston). The Emperor-monk's heart warms to his son; and after giving him his sword he arranges his escape from the monastery, and assures him of his protection. *Juan*, accompanied by *Quezada*, now hurries back to the rescue of *Florinda*, who has been arraigned before the council of the Inquisition. *Philip*, comes to declare his love for *Florinda*, while *Juan* is in another room. The King offers to step between her and the Inquisition, and urges his suit to her intense horror. In this powerful scene, *Philip* throws off the mask of sanctity, and becomes simply a brutal libertine. *Florinda*, as a last resource to crush his passion, hurls her belief at him—"I am a Jewess," and *Philip* the defender of the Christian faith, recoils in baffled superstition and rage. He soon resumes his persecution, and is about to proceed to renewed violence, when *Juan* bursts open the door, and stands face to face with his brother. He compels the King to fight, when *Florinda* discloses to *Juan* who his antagonist really is, and at this point *Charles V.*, otherwise *Brother Anselmo*, enters to set all things right. *Juan* and *Florinda* are formally betrothed; and *Philip* is made to understand that "the King can do no wrong."

Mdle. Colas can but increase the estimation of her talents, by her powerful and impassioned acting of *Florinda*. The last scene (in which she has to repel the advances of the King), is perhaps the strangest situation in the part; and here Mdle. Colas created great effect by her earnest and natural manner. Of the second act we have already spoken. Mr. Vining made an admirable character portrait of *Philip II.*, and realized most successfully the grim austerity of the bigoted King. Mr. Nelson was a frank and manly *Juan*, and Mr. Marston's *Brother Anselmo* was a very careful and artistic performance. *Don Quezada* was given with much quiet effect by Mr. Ray; and Mrs. Marston, as *Dorothea* (*Florinda's* duenna), made the utmost of a small part. The "*Monastery of St. Just*" is embellished with some charming scenery by Messrs. Lloyds and Hann.

The Country House.

THE BOUDOIR.

THE announcement that crinoline is fast disappearing in Parisian circles will be hailed with dismay. At the watering places abroad it is quite abandoned, and it is said that in another twelve-month crinoline will be unknown in Paris. One accident more, however, we have to chronicle before its reign altogether ceases:—Mrs. Fenwick, lady of Mr. Fenwick, M.P., was dressing the other evening preparatory to leaving home for a fashionable assembly, and had nearly finished dressing, when some portion of her clothes took fire from the toilet table lights. Fortunately, Mr. Fenwick, who had been awaiting her appearance, hurried into the room, and, throwing his overcoat around her, succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Mrs. Fenwick, however, had by that time been partially burnt about the neck and arms.

Apropos de bottes, we find the following wonderful story of stockings and pious love in a German paper:—An elderly gentleman, a widower, recently died in the neighbourhood of this city, who had the singular practice of never wearing a pair of stockings the second time, but of every day putting on a new pair which had been knitted for him by some old women whom he knew, and whom he paid liberally. At his death he left 2438 pairs of woollen or cotton stockings, and 2002 pairs of thread, all carefully put away. This originality is said to have arisen from a sort of pious remembrance of his wife, who had been only a poor knitting-girl before her marriage.

It would puzzle Madame Rachel perhaps to acknowledge the charm of the following legend touching her grand *arcum*, "*Beautiful for ever*." Chateaubriand gives a fanciful but agreeable reason for the fact that the Jewish women are so much handsomer than the men of their nation. He says Jewesses have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted in soothing him under his affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vessel of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewess. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living waters, and a compassionate judge of the woman taken in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought him balm and spices, and, weeping, sought him in the sepulchre. "Woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalen. He said to her, "*Mary!*" At the sound of his voice, Mary Magdalen's eyes were opened, and she answered, "*Master.*" The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested upon the brow of the Jewess.

We can recommend to our fair readers the following recipe for a Netted Opera or useful Cap:—Materials.—Two flat meshes, the small one for the cap to measure, by a string placed round it, five-eighths of an inch, that is, a trifle over half an inch; the wide one, without the string, half an inch wide, or rather over. A skein of white Andalusian or white Berlin wool. For Morning Cap, No. 20, Boar's-head netting cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby; using steel meshes half the size, and doubling the directions given.

Make a foundation of 57 stitches, and net a plain row. In the next row, in the 29th stitch, make an increased stitch by netting another into the same loop, also one in the last stitch of the row. In the next row increase one in the centre, and one at the end. Continue this till there are two diamonds (4 rows). In every row, whether tufted or plain, the stitch must be increased in the centre and end of long row. *Tufted row*.—Make 2 plain, a tufted stitch thus: *net* into the next diamond; then put the wool round the mesh and up through the stitch without netting, exactly as if for sewing, only that the needle passes upwards instead of downwards; do this for seven times, consequently there will be seven loops over the mesh, but none of them

netted; now press the needle as if for netting, only let it come out, not in the centre of the stitch but on the other side. Net thus the two sides of the stitch together, inclosing the whole of the loops in the loop of the stitch which is being netted into. Now net one plain, then a tuft, then three plain, and in the last make another tufted stitch, and so repeat, increasing as before.

Also the following for a Note or Card Case in Covered Rings:—Materials.—One gross rings of the smallest size, such as are sold for small bag rings, or such that steel purse tassels have. One bunch of steel beads, No. 6; one and a-half yard of very fine black silk twist; a skein of fine black silk; one yard black lute-string ribbon, five inches wide, and a little paste.

Cover the rings with the twist in button-hole stitch, fastening each off neatly; when all but 6 are covered, sew them together, 16 rings in a row, and 11 rings deep (the needle can be slipped round each ring; but to connect the sewing at each joining, slip 3 beads on the needle and sew them tightly down; take two pieces of stiff writing-paper, nearly eleven inches long, or one inch shorter than double the length of the rings, and nearly as deep as the 11 rings are. Cover each piece with silk, by passing the silk on the paper, turning the edges over the paper; when dry, crease the centre, and paste the two pieces together. Now turn over and crease well the two ends, two and a-half inches in depth; these form a portion of the pockets. Now cut two gores rather more than one and a-half inch at the top, tapering to a point at the bottom; these gores must be two and a-half inches in length, and have the selvage side at the widest part. Open the two sides of the covered paper with a penknife, to admit the edge of the gore; with a camel's-hair brush paste the edges of the paper (not the gore), place the gores neatly in; lay the whole flat on the table, place a flat board on the work, then a weight. When dry, brush over the rings at the back with a little paste, lay them flat and even on the silk; press this also with a weight, and when this is dry, with needle and silk just catch the rings round the edge, to prevent the rings slipping from the edge. This is an exquisite little case, and admirably adapted for disposal at fancy fairs.

Sermons in season are enlarging their sphere. Brother Ignatius, the Church of England monk, has been preaching in town, much to the annoyance, as it is said, of the Bishop of London. He is preaching against "Milliner's bills, Rotten-row, and the coldness of the High Church party." Truly the subject is a vast one!

The current fashions, with the usual variations, are subjoined.

The duty we owe to our readers, says *Le Follet*, necessitates our chronicling any novelty in dress, whether or not it may meet with our approval. It is right, however, we should mention, as so many striking styles have of late made their appearance, that anything at all *outré* in style or material is only intended for visiting or indoor wear; a lady, with any pretensions to elegance, will rigidly abjure for the promenade any costume at all peculiar in appearance. We must, therefore, advise those of our fair readers who have not a very large supply of *toilettes*, to select such as are remarkable for taste, and not for eccentricity, as in the latter case a dress may be the height of fashion one week, and the next entirely thrown on one side.

There are so many styles now worn together, new ones invented, or old ones resuscitated, that every one in these days—let their predilection be what it may—will find something to please. Rarely has greater taste been displayed than in the manufacture of the *organdie* muslins, *mousselines de soie*, *Pompadour* silks, and *foulards*, now so much worn. The last-named material seems as if it would never be out of favour; we see it at all times and seasons, but the plain ones, which were so much in fashion a few months ago, are now replaced by the most elegant and luxuriant designs. Some are entirely covered with patterns, lattice-work, leaves, and flowers; others only spotted, or with hair stripes; while those intended for more full dress, and for married ladies, have only one pattern in each breadth—a large bunch of flowers and ribbons decreasing in width towards the waist. With these dresses are worn silk sashes, of the same colour as the foundation of the dress, and embroidered or printed to match the pattern on the skirt.

Muslin dresses are generally of the same patterns as the *foulards*, but are covered with some very small pattern checks, spots, or stripes.

Moires or thick *tafetans* have disappeared, but we

trust will return in the autumn. For less dressy wear, the *popelines*, *Llamas*, and *poils de chèvre* or mohair, are much in favour; in fact, anything of the Llama kind is in the ascendant. Llama or *Yac* lace seems quite to have taken its stand on an equality with the other more expensive and less durable laces.

Piqué dresses are much worn with mantles of the same, and are mostly with pretty designs in black woollen braid for the convenience of washing, and with *poils de crochet* in black ingrain cotton. Many morning dresses of *piqué* and similar materials, are trimmed with *tatting*, and rather coarse cotton, or white braiding and *crochet*. This *crochet* trimming is not like the edgings that used to be worn, but is formed of ovals and circles, so made as to imitate *passementerie*.

White dresses are much worn, in all suitable materials. If of muslin, they are generally trimmed with ingrain coloured muslin in flounces or plaitings; the dress can then be washed without removing the trimming. These *garnitures* are generally accompanied by black lace insertion, which need be only slightly tacked on, as it is of course necessary to remove them when the dress is washed.

Narrow black velvets are still a very fashionable trimming, especially for young ladies. A *poil de chèvre* skirt, with seven or eight rows of velvet, and a *passementerie* ornament or tassel placed on them at equal distance (say at intervals of half a yard) has a very elegant and at the same time simple effect.

All young ladies, whether married or single, wear *corselets* with their dresses. The most elegant of these are made with *épaulettes*—that is to say, they are continued very narrow on to the shoulders, where they are fastened with a bow of ribbon or an *aigrette* of *passementerie*. These *corselets* are made in silk or *moire*; some are fastened down the front with buttons, others laced down the back, while some are laced under the arms at each side; this is generally for full dress. They generally have some little ornament round the waist—a *passementerie* or bugles and *chenille* fringe.

We have seen one very elegant *corsage* of this description made for a young English lady. It was of white silk, embroidered in black *chenille*, bugles, and pearls. Each seam had a *chenille* laid along. Round the top and armholes was a handsome trimming of *chenille* and pearls. The waist was surrounded with a fringe of pearls and bugles. This *corselet* was of course intended for full dress. Two skirts were made to be worn with it—one of *tarlatane*, another of silk—and both trimmed to correspond with the body.

The Llama or mohair dresses printed in imitation of braiding have become very common. This style is still in favour for petticoats for morning wear.

The coloured petticoats are extremely handsome and very richly trimmed. The most *habillées* of these are of white alpaca, trimmed to correspond with the dress with which they are intended to be worn. In many cases, this petticoat, if meant to accompany an open skirt, is very handsomely trimmed on the front breadth. Many dresses are made in this way for indoor or carriage wear. The under skirt just touches the ground. We have seen one of this species, which we will describe for the benefit of our readers.

The dress was of white *foulard*, with hair stripes and leaves of apple green. The skirt open in front over a breadth of white *foulard*, ruffled with green silk. The body was cut square, and trimmed with *ruches*. Small coat-sleeves, open to the elbow. Up each breadth of the dress, about half a yard high, was a green *riche*. With this dress we saw a mantle of *Yac* lace, small circular form, with two deep flounces of lace; and a white *tulle* bonnet, with small *marabouts* tipped with green. The parasol intended to accompany this *toilette* was of white silk covered with *marabouts* like those on the bonnet.

Skirts are all worn gored, and are about half the width at the waist that they are at the other extremity. Very few dresses are wider than three yards at the top, and none less than five at the bottom. The fashion of cutting the gores in points will not, we think, be so much in favour as the sloping each breadth at one side. Every breadth but the front one should be gored, the crossway pieces running to the back. This throws the fulness entirely into the train. A small gauffered flounce seems still to be the foundation of every trimming. For ball dresses this small flounce is lined with stiff net, so as to prevent any clinging of the light material.

We are happy to be able positively to state that the skirts of thin dresses are not worn nearly so long as those of thicker materials. For instance, muslin,

tarlatane, gauze, or *barège* dresses are never more than two inches on the ground, and rarely that.

It is not improbable that the fashion of wearing one deep flounce may reappear for those dresses which are difficult to gore. Trimmings up the seams are much in fashion. If this style is adopted for *ruchings*, the *ruches* should not be continued to the waist.

Muslin or thin dresses are worn over coloured *tarlatanes*. This has a very pretty and aerial effect, and is infinitely more economical than silk slips. The bodies of these thin dresses are made high or low; if the former, with a low lining. Plain on the shoulders, and slightly full at the waist. The neck is cut with a very small square; in this is a lace drawn to the throat by narrow black velvet. When these bodies are made low, they are accompanied by a *pelerine* of the same, square, or crossed in front with long ends, fastened behind.

Many thin dresses have a pattern printed on them, to imitate *revers*, ribbons, sashes, &c. In this case, the dress requires no other trimming than the ornament thus simulated.

White bodies are very much worn, and with them *corselets* of silk, of the same material as the skirt, when this is practicable. The Garibaldi bodies, hanging loose over the skirt, have entirely disappeared from the world of fashion. They are now made without any running or band at the waist, so that they can be arranged to fit the wearer, and the skirt is placed over them.

Those bodies intended for dinner or *soirée* wear are made of Indian muslin, and richly trimmed with embroidered or lace insertion. They are sometimes cut square. When ornamented with *bouillonnés*, these are placed over coloured ribbons; others, meant for less dress, are simply tucked both back and front. The sleeves, made to correspond, are closed at the wrist. White alpaca or *foulard* bodies are also worn, and are generally braided in colour, *cerise* or blue being the favourite hues. White *Marcella* bodies are generally made with *basques*, sometimes merely at the back, but the newest have a *basque* all round; this is much more becoming to the figure. These jackets are mostly braided with black. We must not forget to mention the *basquine habit*, so closely resembling a gentleman's dress-coat. These have not yet become general, nor are they, we hope, likely to do so, as two things are absolutely necessary for their success—one, a really good and youthful figure; the other, a perfect cut. We have seen one of black silk, of a more elegant shape than usual, the *basque* being five inches deep at the side-seams, instead of beginning from the back-seams. This coat was trimmed on all the seams, and round, with bugle fringe and beading. It was quite open down the front, with turned-back *revers*. Small, rather short coat-sleeve with *revers* and *épaulettes* of *passementerie* and bugles.

There is no very considerable alteration in the form of *pelerines* or *fichus*; the square shape is perhaps predominant. With this it is a wise plan to have a narrow white elastic, from the front to the back; this passes under the arms, and confines the *fichu* to the figure.

Tulle and lace *pelerines* are trimmed with *bouillonnés* and narrow coloured velvets to match the trimming of the dress. These velvets are either put on in lattice-work, or loops and ends. In the former case, in each diamond formed by the velvet should be placed a bugle bead. These *pelerines* can be made in either white or black, or even a mixture of the two—a combination that seems likely to remain as much in fashion as ever.

Sashes are worn with one flat loop at the back, or are formed into a small plaited *basque*. They are made in all materials, those of black or white lace being most suitable for thin dresses.

The waistbands now worn are much wider than formerly, and the buckles are, of course, of a corresponding size. We cannot say that we consider this in any way a becoming fashion, as it gives the waist a stiff appearance, and very much detracts from the graceful curves of a young and elegant figure.

Ruches—decidedly the most elegant trimming ever introduced—are as much in favour as ever. They are generally pinked or frayed at the edges, and made very full.

Bugles, whether white or black, are exceedingly fashionable. They are, of course, only suitable to rather dressy *toilettes*. Sewn in patterns on strips of net, they make a very handsome insertion. Bugle fringes are much used on silk dresses, mantles, or bonnets. If made in white, they form a very elegant ornament for ball-dresses, as heading to lace flounces or *tulle* *ruchings*.

Shawls do not seem quite so much in favour for dress wear as formerly. In their place, we see the silk half-fitting mantle with lace flounces, or the *camail* of lace. Nevertheless, many lace shawls are worn by ladies of unquestioned taste—in fact, so graceful and becoming is this form of covering that we doubt its ever being quite superseded.

The silk *paletots* intended for *toilettes de visite*, are made with three seams down the back, nearly fitting to the figure, and with a deep flounce of lace, headed by drop buttons or bugle trimming. The sleeves are wide at the elbow, and small at the wrist. They have *revers* and *épaulettes de passementerie*.

Morning-dresses are generally made with a mantle of the same, either *paletôt* or circular cape. We have seen some of the former made without sleeves, so as to allow the sleeves of the body to pass through the arm-hole, and so serve a double purpose. Though we mention this make, we cannot say we admire it, as it gives a stingy and rather untidy appearance.

China-crape shawls, of a light maize colour, embroidered in black, and surrounded with deep *guipure* trimmings, have made a great sensation this season.

Bonnets have materially altered in shape, dress bonnets being made with a small puffing of *tulle* in lieu of the curtain. The hair is worn below this, and a flower or bow of *tulle* placed at the edge of the bonnet so as to fall on the hair. These bonnets are very narrow at the sides, showing much of the face, and are not so high as those worn lately. In fact, the *fête* bonnets look more like caps than anything else. These are only intended for *déjeuners*, weddings, or morning concerts. Those for walking wear are very much less pretentious, and more like those we have been wearing lately.

Our readers might be glad of a more lengthened description of these small bonnets. We will select two from among those we have seen. One was of black *tulle*, and of the *Marie Stuart* form; a fringe of bugles was placed round the front. This bonnet was covered with a *fanchon* of white *guipure*. In place of the curtain was a puffing of black *tulle*, on which were fastened a few black cherries drooping on to the back hair. The strings were of broad black ribbon; over the ends was a broad *patte* of *guipure*. A white *tulle* scarf was fastened under the *fanchon* of lace, and tied under the chin, over the strings.

The other bonnet was of white figured *tulle*, with a point of black lace falling over the cap, fastened by a pink rose and bunch of black grapes. A *ruche* of white *tulle* round the back, from which depended a small rose and bunch of grapes. The strings were of white silk, fastened with a small rose.

Hats now worn are much the same shape as those seen last month. The most dressy ones are rather high in the brim and narrow at the sides, slightly drooping back and front. These are trimmed with flowers, fruit, or feathers. If made of rice-straw or crinoline, they are lined with silk of the same colour as the ornaments. Sometimes the feathers or trimmings are placed slightly drooping over the front.

The fashion of wearing glass ornaments in the hats is, we are happy to say, rapidly disappearing. It never met with our approbation, though we mentioned it among other novelties.

Bonnets or hats are seldom seen now unaccompanied by the small veil called "*loup*." This is generally edged with *chenille* or bugle fringe. Above this is placed an insertion, through which is run a *zéro* black velvet to draw the veil round the face, if required. These veils are made of *tulle*, plain or spotted.

A description of the following dress may be useful to our readers.

An Indian muslin, excessively fine, embroidered in stripes about two inches wide. This dress was worn over a white *tarlatan* skirt with three narrow fluted flounces, each bound with narrow blue velvet. At the waist were fastened four ribbons at equal distances, Empress blue, and about three inches wide. These loops fastened the muslin skirt in festoons. The body was made high, cut square, surrounded with a *doublonné* over blue. The sleeves were half long, and trimmed to correspond. Over this was worn a *corselet à épaulettes* of blue silk. The hat intended to be worn with this dress was of white straw, and trimmed with a scarf (without ends) of black figured *tulle*; in the front was a handsome bunch of blue *marabout* feathers.

BREAKFAST PARLOUR.

When breakfast is over, the table cleared, the morning-sheet dried and devoured, of what does the

world talk, this month of grace? Of the Sixth Commandment chiefly, and its awful violation, which has become so frequent and so daring of late, as to drive England out of her imperturbability and make her as frightened as an old gossip. For that murder and all its mysterious circumstances have frightened us completely; and in our fright we talk a great deal of nonsense. Read the suggestions, the advice, the hints, the remarks, made by the public in letters to the papers, and confess that the public when terrified is given to gabble. One correspondent wants a flag and a lamp hung on every carriage, another wants a bell, another wants a cord to the engine, another wants a projecting window in the guard's van, so that a pocket handkerchief waved from a carriage window might summon assistance from the guard. They forget—these practical suggestors—that when a man is knocked on the head with a life preserver, he has not much opportunity to pull a bell, or hoist a light, or wave a pocket handkerchief. Nor is the guard supposed to be always on the *qui vive* for murderers. No; crime is a topic for public excitement, and all public excitement produces the *cacoethes scribendi*, which boils over in letters to the editor, and thus, frightened Britain gabbles. The sum of all is, that our present system of railway travelling is silly conservative, and while other nations have sensibly improved, we insist upon abiding by what is, on the assumption that it is right. The probable issue of the present panic will be an assimilation of our railroad system with that of America and Switzerland—thorough communication existing between the carriages, the whole length of the train. Association is the only protection against these outrages—for the murder of Mr. Briggs is not the only railway-outrage that has alarmed our civilisation. A young lady travelling alone with a scoundrel is insulted, and to save her honour gets out of the carriage at the risk of her life, and scrambles along the ledge until she is rescued by a gentleman, who grasps and holds her from the window of his carriage. The scoundrel is arrested and committed for trial. Now this would not have happened in a carriage full of people, or in a train where communication is as easy as walking across the deck of a steamer. And to this complexion, in railway matters, must we come at last, if female honour and human life are to be held in esteem amongst us.

The great debate is not so old, but what a few waifs of gossip concerning it are still afloat. The interior of Westminster Hall was a scene worth recording, as a very brilliant mob was there assembled—a mob of club men, diners out, expectant placemen, and so forth, among whom there was a good sprinkling of titles. They formed a line down the Hall, through which about 500 of the members passed, and they had to run the gauntlet amid a fire of approval or disapproval, as the case might be. The hall repeatedly rang with party cheers, and three were given lustily for Denmark, three for Disraeli, and three for the policemen on duty, which was acknowledged by the head man of the blues most gracefully. As he took off his hat and bent his revered head, it was an affecting scene, which might have brought tears into the corner of the nose of the hardest-hearted—and mightn't. One individual—a political critic—made himself remarkable, and excited much laughter by his free-and-easy and loud-tongued comment on the M.P.'s. One member was asked why he sold his party, and turning round with a fierce "What, sir?" was received with derisive cheers from the white-chokery crowd. Another was requested to explain forthwith why he rattled, and had to fly in despair. An ex-Admiralty Lord was smacked on the back as though he had been armoured, and told he was a fine fellow for a small party; and his successor had a like bit of badinage delivered at him, which he did not seem to relish. Nor did Mr. D. Griffith, when he was saluted with "Who's Griffiths?"—Nor did Sir George Grey, who drew back at the formidable appearance of things, and spoke to a policeman. When they had all got in and the debate was going on in real earnest, Mr. Horsman struck in his most telling speech from sheer dryness of throat:—In his distress he appealed to his neighbour, Mr. White, the member for Brighton (the "Brighton Pebble," as he is called in the House), and that hon. gentleman rushed to the lobby for a glass of water. Pending the arrival of the limpid beverage, Mr. Horsman remained standing on the floor of the House, with his handkerchief to his mouth, gazing in the direction of the door. Had he resumed his seat he would have forfeited his right to continue his lecture. The interval

that elapsed before the return of the "Brighton Pebble" was painful in the extreme; but as up to that moment the right hon. gentleman had not stated in which lobby he meant to vote, both sides of the house claimed him as an adherent, and both administered sympathy in the shape of encouraging cheers. When, however, the "Pebble" rolled into the House, his face beaming with benevolence, and his huge, burly figure the very impersonation of jollity, he was received with welcome shouts and peals of laughter. The hon. gentleman held a glass of iced water in his hand, which Mr. Horsman seized with spasmodic satisfaction, and, having refreshed his parched lips therewith, continued to address the House in terms of lofty reproof. One critic on the scene says, "When the cheering inside the House at the announcement grew tremendous, the leader of the Opposition tried to put on his dreary and impassive look, but it wouldn't do. He could not help smiling at the frantic efforts of the men who were waving their hats at him. Yet it was not a pleasant smile, but rather the smile of an ogre who is in the company of a squalling infant."

The defeat of the Alabama by the Kearsage is a theme fruitful enough to set engineers speculating on some means to outdo whatever has been done, and be in a position to smash everything. Indeed, an engineer of eminence is reported to have said that at the expense of 10,000*l.* he would construct a small iron-clad vessel of greater speed by far than any vessel in her Majesty's Navy; and arming her with three 80-ton guns, he would sink the whole of the French Navy in three hours. There is perhaps no boast in this, after our experience of what big guns can do. We are glad to hear the country is on the *qui vive*, and that they are sick and weary of this puny warfare between Armstrong and Whitworth. Why not construct the small vessel for £10,000 and sink the French Navy, by way of experiment? If successful we might invest another £10,000 in the destruction of the German. After all, the sinking of a fleet is a small matter in these days of lavished blood and wasted treasure.

The *Standard* has sustained a great loss by the death of "Manhattan," or, as he now appears in proper person, Mr. J. A. Scoville. Manhattan died suddenly on June 25, while President Lincoln was deliberating whether he should be imprisoned in Fort Lafayette or banished to the Confederate States. It is not improbable that excitement caused by his arrest, and anxiety for the fate of his wife and only child, a daughter whom he tenderly loved, may have produced that fatal catastrophe. His history is short; he was born in Connecticut in 1811, and bred to commercial pursuits in one of the largest shipping houses of New York. At the close of his apprenticeship he formed a partnership with another young New Englander, under the title of Scoville and Britton, and embarked adventurously in foreign commerce. Their ships had made but few voyages when a commercial crisis caused the failure of the young firm, and Mr. Scoville took to literature. He was connected with several papers as publisher or contributor, and, though wanting in education, his extensive acquaintance with men, travel, retentive memory, and impulsiveness of character, made him an interesting writer. His style was exaggerated; he was given to persiflage; he was occasionally underbred; but there was an inherent honesty in what he wrote, that made him respected even by those who differed with his tone and creed.

"Tom Brown at Oxford" is not to be supplemented by "Tom Brown at Finsbury," for Mr. Thomas Hughes has declined to become a candidate for Finsbury at the next election. In a letter announcing this determination, Mr. Hughes says, "I have given up the idea of standing; upon careful inquiry I found that the expenses could not be reckoned at less than 1,000*l.* I have no right to spend such a sum for such a purpose; but were I a rich man, to whom the expense would be a matter of indifference, I should hesitate upon public grounds before giving in to a system which I believe to be injurious to the country."

The "red, white, and blue" is no longer a synonym for the Royal Navy. Henceforth all her Majesty's ships will carry a white ensign; the blue ensign is given to ships commanded and partly manned by men of the Royal Naval Reserve, and the red ensign will be confined to the merchant service. The Admiral's list is to be no longer divided into classes indicated by the three colours, but only into Admirals, Vice-Admirals, and Rear-Admirals.

We have companies limited to do most things, and we are progressing every day. The number of new

joint-stock companies brought out during the first half of the present year was 171. They represented a total capital of 116,908,500l. A great number have failed to establish themselves, and have been withdrawn, and the actual amount of shares taken would probably not represent more than 50,000,000l. One of the last companies is a cab company—limited of course—to supply London with new Hansoms and four-wheelers; and now there has been started a "United Association of Photography (Limited)." Its objects, as expressed in the prospectus, are:—"First, to supply the increasing demand for photographic portraits of a very high class, for which purpose the services of the best artists in that department of photography will be secured; and secondly, by introducing all improvements which can be made practically available to carry out the highest point of perfection in every department of photography." The list of directors includes the names of some of the finest amateur photographers of the day, such as Mr. Warren Vernon, Lieut.-Colonel Stuart Wortley, Lord Hawarden, and Mr. Bridell. The capital is to be £50,000 in £10 shares, of which only £2 is to be paid. "No call will be made except for the purpose of extending the business, and no call to exceed £1 per share, with intervals of three months between each call." There are now limited companies of bakers, of tailors, of merchants and bankers, of builders and contractors, of musicians and opera-goers, of bread providers and bread consumers, of those who sow and those who reap. It would take another company to index them all: an association which might issue a prospectus and appeal to the public as the "Limited Companies' Indexing and Classifying Company (Limited)."

OUT OF DOORS.

One of the most important events that occurred on the turf last month was the sale of Lord Henry Bentinck's stud. We give the prices that were obtained for the hunting stock, and the names of the purchasers:—Lunatic (Mr. H. Chaplin), 300 guineas; Comet (ditto), 400; Poll (ditto), 300; Harkaway (Lord H. Bentinck), 150; Phoenix (Mr. H. Chaplin), 310; Vicar-General (Lord H. Bentinck), 150; St. Ronan (Mr. H. Chaplin), 100; Lion (Lord H. Bentinck), 250; Abduction (ditto), 300; Midnight (ditto), 300; Traitor (ditto), 110; Bloodhound (ditto), 300; Newmarket (Mr. Powell), 180; Onus (Lord H. Bentinck), 200; Robinson Crusoe (Mr. H. Chaplin), 220; Black Knight (Lord H. Bentinck), 170; B. O. (Mr. Tinkler), 290; Duke (Lord Macleodfield), 210; Freebooter (Lord H. Bentinck), 170; Foxhound (Mr. Watney), 300; Whirlwind (Mr. N. Mason), 300; Swansdown (Mr. J. Hall), 200; Slaylock (Mr. Ingham), 120; Dumping (Mr. N. Mason), 220. The following sixteen are thorough-bred or steeple-chasers:—Oheron (Sir J. F. Johnstone), 350; Toad (Capt. Boucherett), 100; Athlete (Sir F. Johnstone), 300; Republican (Lord H. Bentinck), 150; Waterman (Mr. Beaumont), 100; Gabbler (Col. Farquharson), 100; Weathercock (Sir F. Johnstone), 55; Benjamin (ditto), 190; Laputa (Hon. E. Duncombe), 185; Opera Dancer (Mr. Champney), 125; Light Heart (Mr. Hayes), 410; Newman Nogs (Mr. Beaumont), 140; Blemish (Sir F. Johnstone), 310; Major (Mr. Topham), 70; Admiral (Mr. Bentley), 99; Johnny Raw (Mr. Champney), 45; Pontifex (Lord Melville), 190; Diggins (Mr. Anderson), 190; Mermaid (ditto), 210; Conjuror (Lord Melville), 210; Manifesto (Mr. H. Chaplin), 195; Curtius (Mr. Beaumont), 175; Rhone (ditto), 115; Optic (Hon. E. Duncombe), 50; Crossbow (Mr. Howard), 75; Bonehill (Lord Roselyn), 95; Loadstone (Mr. Archer), 50; Fern (Mr. Marshall), 60; Diomed (Mr. Sibthorp), 220; Gabie (Mr. E. Henage), 90; Wallflower (Lord A. Paget), 60; Helicat (Mr. H. Chaplin), 100; Molly (Mr. Watney), 170; Puritan (Hon. E. Duncombe), 175; Ottoman (Mr. Briggs), 42; School-boy (ditto), 40; Devotee (Mr. Beaumont), 200; Musketeer (Mr. Henage), 105; Sarpadon (Mr. Hall), 155; Polly (Mr. Briggs), 100; Lawsuit (Mr. H. Chaplin), 95; Doctrine (Mr. Lawson), 85; Lale (Mr. Binder), 55; Equity (Mr. Chaplin), 110; Paris (Mr. Little), 70; Chaucery (Hon. E. Duncombe), 60; Tom Tit (Mr. Chaplin), 105; Tewkesbury (Mr. Drake), 85; Lunacy (Col. Farquharson), 50; Delirium (Col. Wilson), 85; Paulina (Mr. Bland), 60.

Talking of horses, M. Dumont, now an active member of the French Society against Cruelty to Animals, gave an interesting account the other day of a feat he once performed, but would be sorry probably now to repeat, of driving a favourite mare from Arras to Paris, 198 kilometres (about 120 miles), within 24 hours. "I

drove out of Arras," he says, "one fine winter's night in 1858, with a bright moon and hard frost, just at the first stroke of midnight. I had put to the mare just as usual, with a light harness and four-wheeled carriage, having sent on word previously to the different public-houses where I was to stop and bait. The friend with whom I had made the bet was to go forward by rail in the course of the day, and await my arrival at the barrier, watch in hand. By half-past two in the morning I was at Bapaume, a distance of six leagues, where I stopped half an hour, and gave a feed of three quarts of oats. At five o'clock I reached Peronne; same distance, with same time to bait—a soldier's ration of bread cut in slices and steeped in three quarts of beer. At half-past eight I was at Roye, eight leagues further; fifty minutes' stoppage, with four quarts of oats, moistened with a bottle of white wine, and joints of mare well rubbed. From Roye to Pont St. Maxence the stage was a long one, twelve leagues; I arrived there at half-past two. For the first time the mare was taken out of the harness, and her mouth thoroughly cleansed, after which she rolled herself well in clean straw, which had always been her great delight. After having eaten a second ration of bread, with about two pounds of sugar, and drunk two quarts of beer, she started again with great courage for Louvres (about eight and a half leagues), where she arrived before seven. From that moment my wager was won, for I had five hours left to do the six leagues which still remained to reach Paris. The courage, liveliness, and activity of the mare were as great as ever; but fatigue began to tell upon her, for the poor animal now refused her oats. I replaced them by three quarts of bruised beans, which she ate willingly, after first drinking half a pail of tepid water mixed with barleymeal. At half-past seven I left my last halting-place, and at ten minutes to eleven I passed the Paris barrier, where I found my friend, watch in hand, not expecting to see me so soon, and owning himself fairly beaten. The mare never exhibited any sensible marks of injury from this extraordinary journey. The heroine of my little tale, the noble beast whom I so cruelly put to the above trial, still lives in the best of health; and in spite of her fifteen years and long and meritorious services, is still the honour and delight of her grateful owner."

Heigh-ho! for the unfortunate people (ourselves amongst the number) who have to remain immured in London brick of the hottest calibre, whilst we read in the diurnal news such breezy legends of emancipation, hill-tops, and such air, as this:—

"It has hitherto been customary (writes Mr. A. W. Moore from Chamouni), for persons making the ascent of Mont Blanc to devote two days to the expedition, the first night being passed either in the cabin on the Grands Mulets, or the still more wretched hut on the Aiguille du Gouté. This course necessitates a very large supply of provisions and the engagement of porters at a considerable expense, to carry them up to whichever night-quarters may be selected. I therefore venture to trouble you with a few notes of an ascent made on Saturday, the 2nd inst., when I had the pleasure of proving the practicability of accomplishing the whole distance in a single day, thereby avoiding the uncomfortable night-quarters, materially reducing the charge for provisions, and entirely obviating the necessity for porters. Accompanied only by my guide, Christian Almer, I left the rough but clean little inn known as the Pavillion Bellevue, above the Col de Voza, at 2 a.m., reached the top of the Aiguille du Gouté at 10.10 a.m., and the summit of Mount Blanc *vis à vis* the Bosse du Dromadaire, at 5.5 p.m. The descent to Chamouni was effected by the ordinary route of the Corridor, Grand Plateau, and Glacier des Boissons. By 9.30 p.m. we were within half an hour of the village of Chamouni, but in the darkness missed the way through the lower part of the forest, and although, as we subsequently saw, the track was close to us, we were unable to extricate ourselves till daylight. But for this unfortunate *contretemps* Chamouni would have been reached by 10 p.m. The excessive time occupied by the expedition (twenty hours, including halts to the extent of only one hour and a half) was caused by the unusually dangerous condition of the Aiguille du Gouté, the ascent of which took two hours longer than usual in consequence of the rocks being coated with ice. Under ordinary circumstances a pedestrian in good condition might fairly hope to accomplish the entire 'course' in eighteen hours. I may mention that my provisions for the day, including three bottles of wine, cost the sum of eight and a half francs, and that although the mountain had not been before ascended

this year, Almer had no difficulty in leading me up and down unaided."

From the mountain summit to the bottom of the sea is but one step—if the mountain be precipitous and the sea adjacent—therefore we easily get to the late great swimming match in the Channel. Shades of Leander, listen to this!

Rumours of a great swimming match between an Englishman and a Frenchman had for more than a twelvemonth been in circulation among the members of the leading London clubs, and once or twice the date for the match has been declared. Various things, however, occurred to lead to postponements until the public ceased to heed the matter, as the labourers did the oft-repeated cry of wolf. The match was nevertheless destined to become *un fait accompli*. One Saturday last month it was brought to an issue, ending in the triumph of the English swimmer over his Continental adversary. The distance swum was greater than that of which Byron boasts—

Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did—even allowing for the current which rendered the passage from Sestos to Abydos so difficult.

The conditions of the match were, that it should be swum in the ocean, and the course should be five miles. The course was fixed in the Channel of Calais, and boats were accordingly moored a considerable distance from the land for the competitors to start from, and beyond these there was a boat two and a half miles distant to be rounded, the starting place to be also the winning place. M. Herschell, of the French Imperial Navy, was the Continental Champion, and Capt. W. H. Patten Saunders was the gentleman who stripped to represent our country. It was anything but a genial day (for July), and the temperature was low. There was also a good sea running. The day was, however, on the whole tolerably favourable for the match. Betting was greatly in favour of the Englishman, as much as 5 to 2 being freely offered by his party, and at home he had been liberally backed against time, two hours being fixed. Those who saw the start were inclined to regret the odds they had laid on the islander. The style of the Frenchman was perfect, and his supporters offered to lay even that he won. In a five mile swimming match there is something besides a beauty of style required, and though M. Herschell was, after they had gone about a mile, three or four boats' lengths ahead of his opponent, the latter by no means appeared to be beaten. The Frenchman continued his lead round the boat, when they had been swimming about forty or fifty minutes, but from this point Capt. Saunders made enormous exertions, and drew up nearer and nearer to his gallant competitor, who was still swimming in beautiful style. Half a mile after they had turned, the two were level, and 5 to 2 was again laid on the Englishman, and presently 3 to 1 did not find acceptors. Steadily the Captain drew ahead of his opponent, who at the end of the fourth mile appeared to be much exhausted, and the attending boat proffered its assistance; but this was refused, and he went in and made a vigorous spurt that carried him a trifle nearer his antagonist. The spurt, however, failed to do more than this, and Capt. Saunders came in the winner, having beaten the Frenchman and time as well, and swum this, the longest swimming match ever contested by Englishmen, in 1 h. 56 min. 28 sec. Both gentlemen were of course very much distressed after the race, but scarcely more so than we have recently seen swimmers after a two-mile contest in the Thames. Every attention was paid to them, and they soon recovered.

Ah well! we would individually compound all these triumphs over Leander, Byron, and the rest for a quiet game of golf at St. Andrew's on the East Scottish coast; a blow on the Scarborough cliff; a week on a good moor; or even a run down to the saline charms of Brighton. All of these amusements will be described in the *Musical Monthly* ere long by people who can say (happily!) "*credite expertis*!"

THE LIBRARY.

Best of all the serials is Dickens's new novel, "Our Mutual Friend," which has reached its third number without changing its title—much to the discomfiture of the hypercritical among philologists, who have argued all along that "mutual friend" is a vulgar error, and should read "common friend." "Mutual" implies reciprocity between two; "common" is mathematically correct, say the pedants. Can any absurder objection be conceived? "Mutual friend" is a colloquialism put by the author into the mouth of a

plain unphilological man, and the term "common friend" would, in him, appear stilted and unnatural. Can philologists analyse such a phrase as "how do you do?" Would they, therefore, object to it? Listening to such frivolities alone is enough to disgust one and cause one to cry, "Etymology be deprecated!"

One of those admirable touches of character is shown by the author in a description of a wedding. The bride and bridegroom have been brought together by a perverse couple named Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, whose newness of fortune is beautifully hit off. "Their house was new, their furniture was new, their pictures were new, their friends were new, they were as newly married as was lawfully compatible with the possession of a brand-new baby." The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Veneering appear to have been made on the spot, and the present marriage is arranged by them between two victims who know actually nothing of the Veneerings. In quoting it, we may premise that "Twemlow" is a friend of some three days' standing, who has been got to give away the bride, and that "the Analytical" is a serving-man, whose appearance and manner are unpleasantly suggestive of an Analytical Chemist.

"So, Twemlow goes home to Duke Street, St. James's, to take a plate of mutton broth with a chop in it, and a look at the marriage service, in order that he may cut in at the right place to-morrow; and he is low, and feels it dull over the livery stable-yard, and is distinctly aware of a dint in his heart, made by the most adorable of the adorable bridesmaids. For the poor little harmless gentleman once had his fancy, like the rest of us, and she didn't answer (as she often does not), and he thinks the adorable bridesmaid is like the fancy as she was then (which she is not at all), and that if the fancy had not married some one else for money, but had married him for love, he and she would have been happy (which they wouldn't have been), and that she has a tenderness for him still (whereas her toughness is a proverb). Brooding over the fire, with his dried little head in his dried little hands, and his dried little elbows on his dried little knees, Twemlow is melancholy. 'No Adorable to bear me company here!' thinks he. 'No Adorable at the club! A waste, a waste, my Twemlow!' And so drops asleep, and has galvanic starts all over him.

"Betwixt next morning, that horrible old Lady Tippins (relict of the late Sir Thomas Tippins, knighted in mistake for somebody else by His Majesty King George the Third, who, while performing the ceremony, was graciously pleased to observe, 'What, what, what? who, who, who? why, why, why?') begins to be dyed and varnished for the interesting occasion: She has a reputation for giving smart accounts of things, and she must be at these people's early, my dear, to lose nothing of the fun. Whereabout in the bonnet and drapery announced by her name, any fragment of the real woman may be concealed, is perhaps known to her maid; but you could easily buy all you see of her in Bond Street; or you might scalp her, and peel her, and scrape her, and make two Lady Tippinses out of her, and yet not penetrate to the genuine article. She has a large gold eye-glass, has Lady Tippins, to survey the proceedings with. If she had one in each eye, it might keep that other drooping lid up, and look more uniform. But perennial youth is in her artificial flowers, and her list of lovers is full.

"'Mortimer, you wretch,' says Lady Tippins, turning the eye-glass about and about, 'where is your charge, the bridegroom?'

"'Give you my honor,' returns Mortimer, 'I don't know, and I don't care.'

"'Miserable! Is that the way you do your duty?'

"'Beyond an impression that he is to sit upon my knee and be seconded at some point of the solemnities, like the principal at a prize-fight, I assure you I have no notion what my duty is,' returns Mortimer.

"Eugene is also in attendance, with a pervading air upon him of having presupposed the ceremony to be a funeral, and of being disappointed. The scene is the Vestry-room of St. James's Church, with a number of leathery old registers on shelves, that might be bound in Lady Tippinses.

"But hark! A carriage at the gate, and Mortimer's man arrives, looking rather like a spurious Mephistopheles and an acknowledged member of that gentleman's family. Whom Lady Tippins, surveying through her eye-glass, considers a fine man, and quite a catch; and of whom Mortimer remarks, in the lowest spirits, as he approaches, 'I believe this is my fellow, confound him!' More carriages at the gate, and so the rest of the characters. Whom Lady Tippins, standing on a

cushion, surveying through the eye-glass, thus checks off: 'Bride; five-and-forty if a day, thirty shillings a yard, veil fifteen pound, pocket-handkerchief a present. Bridesmaids; kept down for fear of outshining bride, consequently not girls, twelve and sixpence a yard, Veneering's flowers, snub-nosed one rather pretty, but too conscious of her stockings, bonnets three pound ten. Twemlow; blessed release for the dear man if she really was his daughter, nervous even under the pretence that she is, well he may be. Mrs. Veneering; never saw such velvet, say two thousand pounds as she stands, absolute jeweller's window, father must have been a pawnbroker, or how could these people do it? Attendant unknowns; pokey.'

"Ceremony performed, register signed, Lady Tippins escorted out of sacred edifice by Veneering, carriages rolling back to Stueconia, servants with favours, Veneering's house reached, drawing-rooms most magnificent. Here, the Podsnaps await the happy party; Mr. Podsnap, with his hair-brushes made the most of; that imperial rocking-horse, Mrs. Podsnap, majestically skittish. Here, too, are Boots and Brewer, and the two other Buffers; each Buffer with a flower in his button-hole, his hair curled, and his gloves buttoned on tight, apparently come prepared, if anything had happened to the bridegroom, to be married instantly. Here, too, the bride's aunt and next relation; a widowed female of a Medusa sort, in a stoney cap, glaring petrification at her fellow-creatures. Here, too, the bride's trustee; an oilcake-fed style of gentleman with mooney spectacles, and an object of much interest. Veneering launching himself upon this trustee as his oldest friend (which makes seven, Twemlow thought), and confidentially retiring with him into the conservatory, it is understood that Veneering is his co-trustee, and that they are arranging about the fortune. Buffers are even overheard to whisper Thir-ty Thou-sand Pou-nds! with a smack and a relish suggestive of the very finest oysters. Pokey unknowns, amazed to find how intimately they know Veneering, pluck up spirit, fold their arms, and begin to contradict him before breakfast. What time Mrs. Veneering, carrying baby dressed as a bridesmaid, flits about among the company, emitting flashes of many-coloured lightning from diamonds, emeralds, and rubies.

"The Analytical, in course of time achieving what he feels to be due to himself in bringing to a dignified conclusion several quarrels he has or hand with the pastrycook's men, announces breakfast. Dining-room no less magnificent than drawing-room; tables superb; all the camels out, and all laden. Splendid cake, covered with Cupids, silver, and true-lovers' knots. Splendid bracelet, produced by Veneering before going down, and clasped upon the arm of bride. Yet nobody seems to think much more of the Veneerings than if they were a tolerable landlord and landlady doing the thing in the way of business at so much a head. The bride and bridegroom talk and laugh apart, as has always been their manner; and the Buffers work their way through the dishes with systematic perseverance, as has always been their manner; and the pokey unknowns are exceedingly benevolent to one another in invitations to take glasses of champagne; but Mrs. Podsnap, arching her mane and rocking her grandest, has a far more deferential audience than Mrs. Veneering; and Podsnap all but does the honours.

"Another dismal circumstance is, that Veneering, having the captivating Tippins on one side of him and the bride's aunt on the other, finds it immensely difficult to keep the peace. For, Medusa, besides unmistakably glaring petrification at the fascinating Tippins, follows every lively remark made by that dear creature, with an audible snort: which may be referable to a chronic cold in the head, but may be also referable to indignation and contempt. And this snort being regular in its reproduction, at length comes to be expected by the company, who make embarrassing pauses when it is falling due, and by waiting for it, render it more emphatic when it comes. The stoney aunt has likewise an injurious way of rejecting all dishes whereof Lady Tippins partakes: saying aloud when they are proffered to her, 'No, no, no, not for me. Take it away!' As with a set purpose of implying a misgiving that if nourished upon similar meats, she might come to be like that charmer, which would be a fatal consummation. Aware of her enemy, Lady Tippins tries a youthful sally or two, and tries the eye-glass; but, from the impenetrable cap and snorting armour of the stoney aunt all weapons rebound powerless."

"Another objectionable circumstance is, that the

pokey unknowns support each other in being unimpressible. They persist in not being frightened by the gold and silver camels, and they are banded together to defy the elaborately-chased ice-pails. They even seem to unite in some vague utterance of the sentiment that the landlord and landlady will make a pretty good profit out of this, and they almost carry themselves like customers. Nor is there compensating influence in the adorable bridesmaids; for, having very little interest in the bride, and none at all in one another, those lovely beings become, each one on her own account, depreciatingly contemplative of the millinery present; while the bridegroom's man, exhausted, in the back of his chair, appears to be improving the occasion by penitentially contemplating all the wrong he has ever done; the difference between him and his friend Eugene, being, that the latter, in the back of his chair, appears to be contemplating all the wrong he would like to do—particularly to the present company.

"In which state of affairs, the usual ceremonies rather droop and flag, and the splendid cake when cut by the fair hand of the bride has but an indigestible appearance. However, all the things indispensable to be said are said, and all the things indispensable to be done are done (including Lady Tippins's yawning, falling asleep, and waking insensible), and there is hurried preparation for the nuptial journey to the Isle of Wight, and the outer air teems with brass bands and spectators. In full sight of whom, the malignant star of the Analytical has pre-ordained that pain and ridicule shall befall him. For he, standing on the doorsteps to grace the departure, is suddenly caught a most prodigious thump on the side of his head with a heavy shoe, which a Buffer in the hall, champagne-flushed and wild of aim, has borrowed on spur of the moment from the pastrycook's porter, to cast after the departing pair as an auspicious omen.

"So they all go up again into the gorgeous drawing-rooms—all of them flushed with breakfast, as having taken scarlatina socially—and there the combined unknowns do malignant things with their legs to ottomans, and take as much as possible out of the splendid furniture. And so, Lady Tippins, quite undetermined whether to-day is the day before yesterday, or the day after tomorrow, or the week after next, fades away; and Mortimer Lightwood and Eugene fade away, and Twemlow fades away, and the stoney aunt goes away—she declines to fade, proving rock to the last—and even the unknowns are slowly strained off, and it is all over."

Miss Braddon has got to the twenty-first chapter of her story in *Temple Bar*, "The Doctor's Wife." There is little in her present story that strikes a reader with that novel sense of the sensational (to be periphrastic), which created Miss Braddon's fame. For we are getting used to sensation, and the new feeling wears off. Still the story is written with all the forcible phraseology and internal strong-mindedness, for which the authoress is renowned. An unfaithful wife is Miss Braddon's pet theme, and here she is:—

"In all Mrs. Gilbert's thoughts there was no special horror or aversion of her husband. He was only a part of the dullness of her life; he was only one dreary element of that dreary world in which Roland Lansdell was not. He was very good to her, and she vaguely sensible of his goodness, and thankful to him. But his image had no abiding-place in her thoughts. At stated times he came home and ate his dinner, or drank his tea, with substantial accompaniment of bread and butter and crisp garden-stuff; but, during the last two months, there had been many times when his wife was scarcely conscious of his presence. She was happy in fairyland, with the prince of her perpetual fairy tale, while poor George Gilbert munched bread and butter, and crunched overgrown radishes. But the fairy tale was finished now, with an abrupt and cruel climax; the prince had vanished, the dream was over. Sitting by that open window, with her folded arms resting on the dusty sill, Mrs. Gilbert wondered how she was to endure her life.

"All through the autumnal months, and through the dreary winter, George Gilbert's wife endured her existence, and hated it. The days were all alike, all 'dark and cold and dreary,' and her life was 'dark and cold and dreary' like the days. She did not write a novel. She did not accomplish any task, or carry out any intention; but she began a great many undertakings, and grew tired of them, and gave them up in despair. She wrote a few chapters of a novel; a wild weird work of fiction, in which Mr. Roland Lansdell reigned paramount over all the rules of Linley Murray,

and was always nominative when he ought to have been objective, and *vice versa*, and did altogether smaller credit to the university at which he was described to have gained an impossible conglomeration of honours. Mrs. Gilbert very soon grew tired of the novel, though it was pleasant to imagine it in a complete form taking the town by storm. He would read it and would know that she had written it. Was there not a minute description of Lord Thurston's oak in the very first chapter? It was pleasant to think of the romance, neatly bound in three volumes. But Mrs. Gilbert never got beyond a few random chapters, in which the grand crisis of the work—the first meeting of the hero and heroine, the death of the latter by drowning and of the former by rupture of a blood-vessel, and so on—were described. She could not do the every-day work: she could erect a fairy palace, and scatter lavish splendour in its spacious halls; but she could not lay down the stair-carpet, or fit the window-blinds, or arrange the planned furniture. She tore up her manuscript, and then for a little time she thought that she would be very good; kind to the poor, affectionate to her husband, and attentive to the morning and afternoon sermons at Graybridge Church. She made a little book out of letter-paper, and took notes of the vicar's and the curate's discourses; but both those gentlemen had a fancy for discussing abstruse points of doctrine far beyond Mrs. Gilbert's comprehension, and the doctor's wife found the business of a reporter very difficult work. She made her poor little unaided effort to repent of her sins, and to do good. She cut up her shabbiest dresses and made them into frocks for some poor children, and she procured a packet of limp tracts from a Coventford bookseller, and distributed them with the frocks; having a vague idea that no charitable benefaction was complete unless accompanied by a tract."

There are several capital things in the current number of the *Cornhill*, which is a warlike number, and contains military experiences in Italy and America. Of the latter kind we commend to our readers the following vigorous account of the state of Charleston during its siege, related by an eye-witness:—

"On East Bay, a street communicating with the wharves, stood a long line of ambulances in readiness to remove the wounded, as they were brought up in boats from the forts. This was more suggestive than anything I had yet witnessed of the reality of the drama about to begin. In the immediate neighbourhood, were clustered groups of the hospital corps, some even reclining on the stretchers that still bore ominous traces of the uses to which they had been put at the battle of Secessionville. How many poor fellows were fated to toss in agony on those blood-stained couches before the morrow? At the doors of the houses on the battery promenade, facing the sea, were collected knots of negro servants, whispering to each other the undefined terror that literally blanched many a dusky visage: any one who has seen the negro under the influence of overwhelming fear knows what that is like. To them the preparations foreboded something awful indeed; and their imaginations, easily excited, pictured, I have no doubt, a regular East End Tragedy with everybody killed in the last scene, and the world coming to an end in a perfect bouquet of bombs and exploding shells. Many of them I knew by sight, from visiting their masters' houses, and one old "sunt" addressed me, as I passed on my way:—"Lor-a-mussy, boss! is dem cussed bobolitionists gwine to shoot dar big guns amongst us woman folk? I reckon dey had better go right clean away, just as dey come, for we ain't got no kind of use for sich pussuns. Praise de Lord be joyful, I see ready to die, but I ain't no way fixed to go de long road to hebbun, and dat's what's de matter." Pointing to Sumter, that lay guarding the entrance to the bay, three miles off, and to the flanking forts on Sullivan's and Morris Islands, I suggested to the old lady that, before the Yankees could hurt her or the city, they would have to pass those strong sentinels. This remark was immensely comforting—such smiles apparently there were—such rolling of white eye-balls. "Yes, sar. Thank you, sar. Ours is de boys dat can gib dem fits! Massa Charley's down dere, indicating Sumter with her bony finger, where the boy she had nursed was doing duty with his company. 'I'll go and tell Massa Charley's Ma dat de cussed bobolitionists will be all sunk, praise de Lord, and dat's what's de matter.'"

"The non-fighting population of Charleston fall into their places, young girls with their negro nurses—a piebald medley of black and white, but all apparently

sharing an unbounded confidence. Ominously the Northern fleet approaches, working its way towards the forts in single file, led by the *Passaic*. Scarcely a word is spoken by any of the staff as they stand grouped upon the wharf, waiting for the general, whose boat is preparing to take him to Battery Bee on Sullivan's Island. All have their eyes fixed on the leading Monitor, watching eagerly for the moment that will bring her in range of the iron-throated mastiffs that lie couched in the sand.

"At length a spiral column of smoke rises gracefully in the still atmosphere from Moultrie (Sullivan's Island), and a jet of spray close on the *Passaic's* quarter tells us that the first shot has been fired. Round swings the Monitor's turret, an iron shutter glides aside, disclosing a dark port, which, in a few seconds, vomits forth a cloud succeeded by a crash that shakes the very ground we stand on. That further puff and deafening report shows where the shell has burst—to old Moultrie the first honour of the challenge, and to old Moultrie the first reply. Again a pause of some minutes and the fleet draw nearer in: they are all now within the circle commanded by the forts, but no shots must be thrown away. At three o'clock, Fort Sumter having the range, opens her batteries, and almost simultaneously the white smoke-puffs from the low sand-hills on Morris and Sullivan's Island indicate that Battery Beauregard and Fort Moultrie on the left, and Battery Wagner and Cumming's Point on the right, have become thoroughly engaged. The iron-clads forming in line of battle in front of Fort Sumter maintain a rapid return fire, occasionally hurling their fifteen-inch shot and shell at Moultrie and the minor batteries, but all chiefly directing their efforts against the eastern face of Sumter's grey volcano.

"The bay, lately so calm and peaceful, is now like a seething cauldron. Huge spiral columns of water leap into the air around the iron-clads, the thud of the bolts as they strike the enemy can be heard above the universal crash, the fifteen inch shell of the Monitors are bursting in bouquets over the parapet of Sumter and the other forts. Vlau! a cloud of sand is scattered over our party, followed by a howling screech above, which makes us all instinctively incline our heads. A deafening report, a lurid glare, and a rattle of falling bricks, sufficiently indicate what has happened. 'Anybody hurt?' cries the general, and the answer 'No' makes everybody draw a deep and thankful breath. This shell is succeeded by another and another, but all too high, thank goodness, to injure those within our battery, doing no further harm than destroying some wooden shanties in the rear. Now the leading Monitor staggers and reels like a drunken man, the water churning and foaming around her from the hail of shot with which she is greeted. Next, the *Ironsides* withdraws out of range, driven back by the concentrated fire of Sumter's heavy batteries; but there is one double-turreted ship that still stands boldly in, the *Keokuk*. The gallant commander of this vessel, relying upon the reputation she had achieved theoretically, places her within seven hundred yards of the forts, and being the post of honour, it is made the post of danger. Dearly she pays for her temerity; her boats are shot away, her smoke-stack riddled, and a portion of her bow smashed in; at five o'clock she follows the example of the *Ironsides*, and withdraws, evidently seriously crippled. The action now perceptibly slackens on the part of the enemy, but still the forts pour in destructive broadsides, firing by battery. The south-eastern face of Sumter shows a novel speckled appearance, from the impact of the shot; and the bricks that are flying from the parapet denote that the North missiles are doing mischief. Fortunately Battery Bee and the other sand-works are comparatively uninjured, the shot and shell mostly striking the slopes and embedding themselves, or else going completely over, to waste their power beyond. Moultrie, the next fort to us, has had her flag-staff cut away, but through the smoke we see a gallant fellow holding aloft the colours of a traverse. At half-past five the remainder of the Monitors sheer off, more or less damaged, and come to an anchor out of range, in the ship channel, abreast of Morris Island.

"On the 21st August at half-past 1 a.m., I was lying on my bed in the Charleston Hotel, unable to sleep from the excessive heat, and listening to the monotonous sound of the cannonade kept up on the enemy's position from the batteries on James Island. Restless and weary of the night, I had lighted a candle in defiance of mosquitos and sought to pass away the time with a volume of *Les Misérables*. It happened

to be the one containing the account of the battle of Waterloo; and while deeply interested in the description of the rushing squadrons of cuirassiers, I was startled by a noise that, from connection with my reading, resembled the whirr of a phantom brigade of cavalry galloping in mid-air. My first feeling was that of utter astonishment; but a crash, succeeded by a deafening explosion in the very street on which my apartment was situate, brought me with a bound into the centre of the room. Looking from the window, I saw smoke and fire issuing from a house in which were stored the drugs of a medical purveyor. A watchman was running frantically down the street, and when he reached the corner just below me, commenced striking with his staff against the curb; a signal of alarm practised amongst the Charleston police. At first I thought a meteor had fallen; but another awful rush and whirr right over the hotel, and another explosion beyond, settled any doubts I might have had: the city was being shelled.

"People are not generally given to laughing under such circumstances, but I will defy any one who witnessed what I witnessed on leaving my room, not to have given way to mirth in moderation. The hotel was crowded with speculators who had been attracted to the city by the sale of some blockade cargoes, and the corridors were filled with these terrified gentlemen rushing about in the scantiest of costumes and the wildest alarm. One perspiring individual of portly dimensions was trotting to and fro with one boot on and the other in his hand, and this was nearly all the dress he could boast of. In his excitement and terror he had forgotten the number of his room from which he had hastened at the first alarm, and his distress was ludicrous to behold. Another, in a semi-state of nudity with a portion of his garments on his arm, barked the shins of every one in his way in his efforts to drag an enormous trunk to the staircase. On reaching the hall I found a motley crowd, some of whom with the biggest of words were cursing the Federal commanders. Whirr! came another shell over the roof, and down on their faces went every man of them into tobacco-juice and cigar-ends and clattering among the spittoons. I need not say that this is a class of men from whom the Confederacy hopes nothing; on the contrary, by their extortion, practised on a suffering people, they have made themselves execrated. If a shell could have fallen in their midst and exterminated the whole race of hucksters, it would have been a great benefit to the South.

"The next morning the English Consul, under a flag of truce, carried his protest, and the protests of the consular agents of France and Spain, to General Gilmore, who, however, refused to receive him, and simply returned an answer to the effect that he would not repeat the shelling for another twenty-four hours. Of course, all those non-combatants who could find the means, immediately prepared to leave the city, but there were hundreds whose circumstances compelled them to remain. At the expiration of the twenty-four hours the shelling was renewed, and has since been carried on at intervals with more or less vigour, destroying houses and killing and wounding many of the unfortunate inhabitants. Meanwhile the Federal commander is as far from the reduction of Charleston as he was a year ago. Old Sumter, in its ruins, is as strong as ever. Batteries have grown up where there were no defences before, and guns of the heaviest calibre are waiting to make themselves heard, should occasion require."

Old believers in the immaculateness of an Eton education will find either their faith lessened or their indignation aroused by an attack on the Eton system in the *Cornhill*. What does Paterfamilias, whose hopeful is at present studying there, say to this?

"Vehement objections are insisted upon throughout the 'vested interest' portion of the evidence against attempting to teach French at Eton by means of Frenchmen. It is urged that a French master, if a Frenchman, must always remain an object of derision to Eton boys; that a foreigner can never be employed to teach them foreign languages with any prospect of success. Fifty years ago such an objection as this might have deserved some consideration, and it might, indeed, have been difficult to induce the young John Bull calves of the period to show much attention or respect to the peevish and excitable old *émigré*, adorned with a pig-tail and *ailes-de-pigeon*, whose ignoble fate it used to be to be daily cobbler's-waxed to his chair by the *loustic* of his class. But English and French men and boys have changed since then; the two nations have

fought and bled side by side in the Crimea and in China, and understand each other better, and respect each other more than they did early in the present century. We now know that neither nation enjoys a monopoly of talent or of pluck, and that manly and well-educated French gentlemen, placed on a par as to authority and emolument with the other masters of the school, and properly supported by them—strong swimmers, skilful swordsmen, and expert gymnasts—would as readily command the attention and respect of their colleagues and their pupils as if they had been born within the four seas. Such is not only my own opinion—based on a knowledge of the generous admiration which young Englishmen always exhibit for a happy combination of mental and physical acquirement—it is the opinion of many other competent witnesses examined by the Commissioners, and more especially of the present hereditary French master of Eton, himself an Englishman, who for any success he at present has in his duties might as well be a Lap or a Turk, inasmuch as he states that he is entrusted by the head-master with no authority over his pupils, and that he meets with no support whatever from the classical assistant-masters of the school. His pupils attend and stay away from his class as they like, and any complaints which he makes of them to the authorities are treated with civil contempt. 'In a word,' says poor Mr. Tarver, 'I am a mere *objet de luxe* at Eton,' for which, however, the unlucky parents of the boys had to pay, in 1860, £1,318 17s. The evidence bearing on the history of the French teaching at Eton is so characteristic of the anti-progressive spirit of the place, that the Commissioners have inserted a considerable portion of it *verbatim* in their report."

Blackwood is characteristically heavy, and falls into its usual error of saying too much on one theme. It prosed on the Napoleonic idea in Mexico, mixing a little newspaper leader with a little geography and history, and producing a sort of intellectual toddy, which, however, is not enlivening. "Cornelius O'Dowd" on Things in General, contrasts the present age with the days of the Regency, and finds things as they are inferior to things as they were, inasmuch as people are getting too apathetic and well-bred—and, he might add, do not see the beauty of wrenching off door-knockers and knocking about the watch, after the manner of good society of yore. He also says nothing in a great many words about languages, asserting, among other pleasantries, that the German tongue has such a flavour of Sauerkraut about it that a knowledge of it would vulgarise a queen. A sentiment that shows the writer's sense to be on a par with his knowledge of German.

The Academy Exhibition is a fertile subject for both *Blackwood* and *Fraser*; but neither says anything on it worth quoting. *Fraser* objects to the anomalous position of the Irish Church, and cites Macaulay, Normanby, Cavour, Russell, and a host of authorities, whose verdict has been in favour of a Roman Catholic establishment in Ireland. There is much force in argument based on such facts as the following:—

"We have a picture before us of the moveable machine in which, as lately as 1857, mass was celebrated for the inhabitants of Carrigeholt in county Clare. The 400 worshippers are kneeling in the road. In 1852, we are informed, a Protestant movement was initiated: the priest was deprived of the old house in which he had been accustomed to say mass; his request to be left in it as caretaker, for the sake of his parishioners, was refused; the house was locked up and left unused, till twelve months later it tumbled down. The petition for a site for a chapel was rejected; and as there was no other chapel within five miles, the ingenuity of the spirited and excellent priest resorted to the expedient of a perambulating ark, in which the sacred utensils might be kept, and round which his flock might gather. It was not till 1857, at the time of the elections, that permission to build a chapel was accorded. One such story is enough to keep a whole province disaffected. What can be expected of a populace forced to kneel in the mud, while half a million a year of public money is officially expended in the maintenance of a religion which they believe to be a monstrous lie?"

A paper on Idealism is rather incomprehensible, and bothers one in discovering the author's drift. One or two sketches of character occur in it, which are good: witness the portrait of an old Scotch lady, of a type nearly extinct:—

"We have all heard the story of the old lady dying during a tempestuous night—'Beh, air! what a night for me to be seen through the air!' And only the

other day I heard of a well-known north-countryman—a shrewd, pawky, mettlesome gentleman he remained till past his eightieth year—who, on his death-bed, after being told that he had only a few hours to live, asked, with perfect composure, and a twinkle of the old humour in his eye, 'Whar think you, Betty, will I be this time the morn?' Lady Grisel is always looking forward to her decease, in which she takes the interest of a survivor. 'Be sure you ask Sandy,' she said, on the occasion of her last severe illness, when arranging the details of her funeral; 'it'll be a fine ploy for Sandy—he likes a ploy.' While I was walking through our churchyard with her, one day last year, she stopped before three mounds, that formed, as it were, three sides of a square, and seemed to be engaged in inward prayer, for her lips moved and there was moisture in her eyes. The graves were those of the late doctor and parson of the parish, and of an old East Indian—noted whist-players in their day. 'There they are,' she remarked, after a long pause, 'the auld rubber—just waitin' for me to cut in.'

In the obituary for the month of July should be placed a literary death—that of the *Owl*. Most persons have heard of that extraordinary and mysterious publication, which worked its way into popularity by bantering Napoleon's confidential minister into a rage; and some people have seen it. But the *Owl* found more favour with the editors of newspapers and with certain exclusive circles than with the general public. It was a dear paper, a four-paged sixpenny sheet, which relied chiefly on the fineness of its satire and the exclusiveness of its information. No fashionable drawing-room where any pretensions are made to *bel esprit* was complete without the *Owl*. Although but four small pages, it contained something for all classes of readers who go into society. The matrimonial announcements every Wednesday morning fluttered Mayfair and Belgrave. The *jeux d'esprit* had great success among the politicians and club men. The special information on foreign affairs arrested the attention of statesmen. The difficulty was to know when the *Owl* was in earnest. State documents were published side by side with clever parodies, and so the reader was completely mystified. The young men who started it did so with no idea of becoming famous. Its scanty pages and high price showed that it was not intended for the general public. In fact, it may be said to have been "printed for private circulation" among a certain exclusive clique. But the *Owl* became famous. A burlesque letter on continental affairs appeared in it, dated Paris, and signed MOCQUARD. This was reprinted in the *Morning Post* and quoted, and in this form came under the notice of M. Mocquard himself. M. Mocquard is a grave man, one of those practical intellects who cannot see a joke; and in a solemn letter to the *Moniteur du Soir* M. Mocquard gravely denied the authorship of the letter, stigmatising it as "an infamous forgery." All England roared at M. Mocquard; and the *Owl* awoke one day—one evening, according to ornithological unities—and found itself famous. The circulation increased, and the Governmental young editors (for it is said to have been the offspring of some War and Foreign Office intellects) found it a paying undertaking; the last few numbers are said to have brought the proprietors £100 a-piece, which money was spent in dinners at Richmond, boxes at the Opera, and such like. And yet the *Owl* died young, and this is the alleged reason:—It was published in the office of the *Morning Post*, and somehow people mixed up one with the other, and looked dubiously on the diplomatic revelations of the grave *Post* as being nothing but *Owl*ish chaff. So the sage satirist disappeared.

Literary gossip asserts that Mr. Dickens receives £12,000 from his publishers, Chapman and Hall, for his current story: £6,000 on the publication of the first number, and the rest when the work is completed. A new revelation has been made, which reminds one of Sir Walter Scott announcing himself as the author of Waverley. The Waverley of the nursery is disclosed. Mr. W. Tegg the publisher is the self-confessed Peter Parley of our boyhood. The author discloses the fact in the twelfth edition of "Tales about Animals," just issued.

Limited liability is so much the rage in connection with all possible undertakings, that one is hardly surprised to hear that a limited company is to be started for the establishment of a new daily illustrated paper. Another *fame* states that one of the great journals will soon be down to twopenny, and create havoc with the young tribe. Fancy the Thunderer himself competing

with the *Telegraph*, or the *Daily News* placing itself on an acknowledged level with the *Star*!

THE DRAWING ROOM.

The Queen will return to Windsor on the 17th of August to pay her annual visit to the tomb of the late Duchess of Kent at Frogmore. Her Majesty will afterwards reside a week at the Castle, and then leave for Balmoral. The sojourn in Scotland will be about six weeks. The Queen will then return to Windsor for the winter season.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are making themselves exceedingly popular in London—driving about unostentatiously everywhere, visiting schools, attending charitable bazaars, showing at the opera houses and theatres—in fact, reviving so far as lies in their power, the old activity and gaiety of the Court season in town. The social importance of this line of conduct, the Londoners well know.

By the time the *Musical Monthly* reaches the hands of our country heroes the town season will have expired of languor and inaction. Everybody is gone or going to the lazy sea-margins—there to dawdle on the sands or cliffs, and watch, as Alexander Smith did, this pretty phase of married life:

"—The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore his wedded bride,
And in the fulness of his marriage joy
He decorates her tawny brow with shells;
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
Then proud runs up to kiss her!"

Chambers's Journal gives us this month a charming "fairy-tale of science," worth while taking with one to the sea-side. Here it is:—"Ships at a distance of many hundreds of miles from any land, have been met by heavy showers of fine dry dust; and by thick yellow fogs not unlike London November fogs, except that they are free from suffocating smell, which turn out to be nothing more than this finely-divided powder suspended in the air, and waiting for favourable opportunity to descend. The reddish-yellow fogs are commonly encountered in the neighbourhood of the Cape de Verd Islands, where the dust is so abundant. They and the dust have been also seen, though less frequent, in the Mediterranean, on the North African and South European coasts, even far away in the middle of the Atlantic. The dust has been known to strew the shores of South-eastern France and the whole line of the West Italian coast, at the same time that it fell all over the Islands of Sardinia and Malta. Sometimes the fall is so heavy as to cover the sails and decks of vessels, and to give the sea an appearance similar to that presented by a pond adjacent to a dusty road. The powder is exceedingly fine—almost impalpable. Its colour is brick-red or bright yellow, and becomes of a lighter shade after being kept for some years. In the Mediterranean the dust is known as Sirocco or African dust, because it was supposed to come from some of the desert land of the African Continent. But it was only supposed so to come; nothing was really known of its history or its home. It was considered to be in some way or other connected with barren and dry land—most probably African—and in its wide wanderings over many degrees of latitude, it was identified with the wind which 'bloweth where it listeth,' and concerning which no man knoweth 'whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.' In the absence of knowledge, or of that scientific presumption which is akin to it, speculation was rife as to the origin and travelling power of this dust."

A pleasant joke at the expense of croquet is going round the salons at present. 'Tis said that the other day several young ladies wrote to Mr. Murray, secretary of the Horticultural Society, asking permission to play croquet on some sward in the gardens. To this request Mr. Murray, we are credibly informed, returned the answer that the gardens "had been established for horticultural purposes—not for husbandry." *Si non è vero, è ben trovato!* But a young lady of our acquaintance denies the point of the joke. "Firstly," saith she, "husbands are not got by a glimmer of neat ankle, however well chausés; and secondly, croquet does not give intending husbands any more chance of selecting pretty feet than an April shower in Regent Street." Ah! this is a malicious world!

The Botanical and Horticultural Gardens, *à propos*, are in full bloom and full promenade—music, sunshine, new bonnets, and flowers—what an ensemble! Talking of flowers, a correspondence is going on just now in *Notes and Queries*, as to the proper way of drying and

preserving these frail beauties. We give our readers two receipts, for the success of which, however, we do not vouch.

There is no way (says V. R.) equal to ironing, but it requires great patience. Put the flower between several sheets of blotting-paper, and iron it with a moderately heated smoothing-iron. After passing the iron a few times over the paper, with a moderate pressure, take out the flowers, and place them between fresh sheets of blotting-paper, and proceed as before; and so continue, changing the paper, reducing the number of the sheets used, and increasing the pressure, till the flower is quite dry. It requires much experience to manage the heat and the number of intervening sheets. I have been sometimes a whole hour in drying a single flower; sometimes, in less succulent plants, it is done in five minutes. I have preserved the colours even of orchidean plants in this way.

Another writer says:—A method of preserving the colours of flowers in drying them was recommended in *Wanderings in Batavia*, by G. Bennet, F.L.S.; of which I cannot speak from experience, but which I think well worthy of a trial. It was the following:—Place the plant in a jar; pour fine sand upon it, so as to cover it entirely. Place the jar in an oven; remove the sand, and the plant will be found preserved.

The piece of music presented this month under the auspices of our musical editor, Mr. Vincent Wallace, to the readers of the *Musical Monthly*, is the first English version of the celebrated Danish National Song, the melody of which at least must have been familiarised to English ears since the happy advent of the "Sea king's daughter from over the foam." At this peculiar juncture, when the war between the German powers and Denmark is still raging, this English version of the song which is on the lips of every Danish soldier must possess a strong interest for all our readers. The song itself will be found adapted to any register of voice, and cannot fail to be popular wherever sung.

It has occurred to us that a monthly list of such new pieces of music—vocal and instrumental—as are likely to be of value to amateurs and teachers non-resident in town, would be a welcome feature in this Magazine. We therefore subjoin some of the most popular pieces of the day, which we can conscientiously recommend to all our readers. Next month our list will be more complete.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Reaper and the flowers	Clay
Home in Cloudland	Benedict
La stagione arriva (<i>Mirella</i>)	Gounod
Felice Pastorel (<i>Mirella</i>)	Gounod
Facciam carole, part-song (<i>Mirella</i>)	Gounod
Sweet Nightingale	Boscovitch
Little Golden Hair	Gabriel
Sunny days will come again	H. Russell
I once had a sweet little doll	Hullah
Danish National Song	Mudie
Ruby	Gabriel
Figlia d'Erina (<i>Elly Mavourneen</i>)	Benedict
E Amor del mondo	Arditi
Ah do not take her from him	Benedict
Anita	B. Richards
Pretty Colette	Farnie
Liquid Gem	Wrighton
Night and Morning (duet s. and c.)	Benedict
Fall of the Leaf (duet s. and c.)	Macfarren

DANCE MUSIC.

Sweet Spirit Waltzes	Clarke
Guards' Waltzes	Godfrey
Sweet Anne Page Waltzes	Coote
Lily of the Valley Waltzes	Strauss
Kate Kearney Waltzes	Coote
Mirella Waltzes	Coote
Merry Wives Quadrilles	Coote
Forza del Destino Quadrilles	D'Egville
Orpheus aux Enfers Quadrilles	Strauss
Chillon Quadrilles	Tinney
Cure Lancers	Coote
Furies Galop	Tinney
Jockey Galop	Godfrey
For a few days Galop	Tully
Bel Demonio Galop	Montgomery
Clifton Bridge Galop	Powell
Falstaff Polka	Manns
Pretty Barmaid Polka	De l'Orme
Souvenir de Krakovia Mazurka	Vincent Wallace
Cymbeline Mazurka	Stanley
Il Bacio Mazurka	E. Berger

PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Masaniello fantasia	Favarger
Masaniello fantasia	S. Smith

Faust fantasia	Favarger
Mirella fantasia	Oury
Mirella fantasia	Kuhe
Falstaff fantasia	Kuhe
Stradella fantasia	Favarger
Savoyard's melody (<i>Mirella</i>)	B. Richards
Spanish Caprice	Salaman
The Mill	Kuhe
La Garibaldina	B. Richards
Golden Bells	S. Smith
National Melodies	Oury
Téré, téré	Blumenthal

An old gentleman of Rome whilome quoted in the House of Commons, and known by the name of Horace, once remarked that Apollo's bow is not always bent. On Horatian principles we always liked a wild conundrum or a far-fetched joke. The following will not over-tax our reader's ingenuity, but may serve to raise a laugh at the dinner-table:—

What is the most favourable season to have letters from India? The season that brings the-m on-son.

When is a fish like a flower? When you've got 'im-in-your-net. (Our readers will be delighted to learn that "a mignonette" is the sound aimed at.)

Why is a man drunk on Bass's bitter beer like an indisposed German? Because he is a pale ale-y-un.

What is the difference between an honest man and a carpenter? One is a plain dealer and the other is a deal planer.

Why should Messrs. Parkins and Gotto suffer little by drowning? Because they are used to die sinking.

Why is a man looking for the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Because he is a sea-king what never was.

Answers to the following are invited from our readers:—

PUZZLE.

There is a certain word in the English language of which the first two letters represent the male sex, the first three the female sex, the first four the male sex, and the whole the female sex. What is it?

CHARADES.

Without my first, in days of yore
No ship could cross the sea.
And with my second when on shore
A sailor loves to be.
Whene'er a sailor moves my whole,
His jolly breast doth grieve,
Because he knoweth to his dole,
My second he must leave.

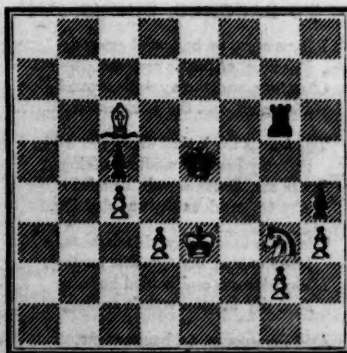
My first is a right merry fellow;
In cows you my second may see;
My whole is the name of a bird
Seen nearer the stream than the tree;
But into good German translate me,
I'm a singer that goes up to C.

REBUS.

Cut off my head, the singular I set;
Cut off my tail, the plural I appear;
Cut off both head and tail, and I contract
To nothing—nought to touch, or eye, or ear.
What is this head cut off?—A sounding sea.
What is this shortened tail?—A flowing river.
And in their mingled depths I fearless play,
Parent of well-known sounds, though mute for ever.

For our chess-playing friends we give the following capital problem. The answer in our next.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in 8 moves.

HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM.

We doubt whether any of our fair readers have dined with the French Society of Acclimatisation: still more do we doubt that they would be able to eat their dinner, if they did. A specimen of what is to be enjoyed at that most sensational banquet, may be had from the bill of fare which we publish.

POTAGES.—Bisque de vers à soie; consommé de pingouin aux œufs de corbeaux, pochés.

HORS-D'ŒUVRE.—Sauterelles confites à l'huile de pétrole; queues de lézards verts, fumées; œufs de fourmis, marinés à la façon du caviar; saucissons de jaguars; beurre de lait de girafe.

POISSONS.—Langue de baleine, sauce verte; laitances de phoque à la financière; nageoires de requin en papillotes.

RAGOUTS.—Gibelotte de kangaroo; queue d'éléphant à la hochepot; singe de Brésil en daube.

RÔTIS.—Petits chiens de lait, flanqués de taupes du Sumatra; perroquets de Chandernagor, piqués au lard de tapir.

SALADE.—Lichen d'Islande, assaisonné à l'huile de foie de morue.

LEGUMES.—Bourgeons de sapins de Sibérie sautés au lait de cavale; cours d'aloës à la barigoule.

DESSERT.—Boulettes de terre glaise de la Nigritie occidentale; noix d'acajou de Saint-Domingue; gâteau de manioc au sucre d'érable.

BOISSONS.—Raki; vin de palme; jus d'aloës mexicain; maté du Paraguay.

Whales—silkworms—elephants—apes—ants' eggs—! but stay. For the benefit of any reader whose gastronomic French may be undeveloped (and gastronomic French is only to be acquired by long digestion in France) let us translate the program:—

Soups.—Silkworm broth; penguin soup with poached crows' eggs.

Side Dishes.—Locusts pickled in petroleum oil; green lizard's tails, smoked; ants' tongues pickled like caviar; jaguar sausages; butter from giraffes' milk.

Fish.—Whales' tongue and parsley sauce; soft roe of plaice; sharks' fin and sugar plums.

Stews.—Kangaroo giblets; hot-pot of elephants' tails; stewed Brazilian ape.

Roasts.—Sucking puppy flanked with Sumatran mole; Chandernagor parrot larded with tapir fat.

Salad.—Iceland moss seasoned with eod liver oil.

Vegetables.—Siberian fir-tree blossoms and mares' milk; bitter aloes.

Dessert.—Rolls of potters' earth from Western Nigritia; mahogany nuts from St. Domingo; manihoe cake and maple-tree sugar.

Liquors.—Raki; palm wine; Mexican aloe juice; Paraguay tea.

TEA.—F. J. J. writes:—I beg to say that I have, of the early use of tea in England, tradition in my own family, which, from circumstances, I have no doubt is authentic. My grandmother lived, as a girl, in the same house as her grandmother, and the former had it from the latter, that her mother was the first person at whose house tea was introduced in the country town whence I write this; and that the tea was served in very small china cups (which I possess), and that the tea-leaves were handed round on plates, and eaten with bread and butter as a rarity and supposed delicacy. This would be, if I remember rightly, in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

ICE-MAKING MACHINES FOR DOMESTIC USE.—There are no ice-making machines of small size adapted to the purpose of making ice in any quantity. Large and very expensive machines of this kind exist, some producing ice by the evaporation of ether: others freezing by the cold produced by the expansion of rarified air; these are usually worked by steam power. A French machine was exhibited at the Great Exhibition, for freezing by means of strong ammoniacal liquid, which is first distilled by a fire into a cooled reservoir, and then allowed to evaporate back into the boiler, producing by its vaporisation intense cold. The arrangements are not at all convenient for ordinary use, inasmuch as the time required to produce a single pound of ice is one hour and a half, and the cost of the machine 6*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* A machine for forming four pounds of ice costs 14*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* and the process occupies nearly three hours. There are several preparations that may be employed in the manufacture of dessert ices in small quantities and in cooling wines. There are combinations of rapidly-soluble salts that produce cold by their quick solution. Such a preparation may

be obtained at Keith's, near the British Museum. In situations where ice cannot be obtained, such preparations are very useful, but their cost is immensely high when compared with that of the common mixture of rough ice and salt.

CIDER AND PERRY.—Cider and perry are wines, and they may be made either effervescing as ordinary champagne, or still as sillery and nearly as good; but when we read that first-rate champagne has undergone no less than 300 manipulations before it is ready to drink, we need not wonder at the frequent failures of the rough-and-ready processes of British wine-making. As sold by the merchant, cider and perry are generally sweetened, which would be no disparagement if the sugar were added at the proper time. But the cider-maker bears the same relation to the merchant as the distiller does to the rectifier, and the sugar is added by the merchant, and not blended by fermentation. I therefore advise the purchase of two glass brewer's saccharometers of Negretti and Zambra, at 4s. 8d. each; I say two, because they are so fragile, that one will probably be soon broken. When the juice of the apples or pears is in the tun, but before fermentation has commenced; take the gravity by the saccharometer, and if under thirty bring it up to that by loaf sugar. For home consumption sugar is not much added, and there are apples and pears whose gravity is so rich that they do not require it. The after-manipulation is too lengthy to recite here, and I refer to the books I have mentioned; but I may add, for understanding the references in Mr. Knight's book to gravity, that the datum of the scientific saccharometer begins (like a young watchmaker's) at 1000, and the brewer's at 860, being the weight of a barrel of water; and when the brewer tries his wort with the saccharometer, and it marks 40, he knows that the wort weighs 400lb. to the barrel, and will be strong beer; but a scientific saccharometer need not be purchased, because for practical purposes a division by three will reduce it to the brewer's. I may shortly add that racking is the great point for securing first-rate effervescing liquor, and the fermentation should not go lower in the first instance than 10. Leave the saccharometer, if you like, in the liquor, and see if it sink day by day till it reaches the proper point. As to orchard management, it is too long a subject for a letter, and I recommend consulting an experienced neighbour, as the same sorts do not grow well on different soils. For cider-growing the modern nonsense of dwarfing the trees must be thrown overboard, for after all there is nothing like the old-fashioned grass orchard; but if I were going to plant I should not lay down to grass for ten years, keeping the land tilled as a garden in the mean time.

THE LOVE-SONGS OF HORACE.

To the Editor of the *Musical Monthly*.

SIR,—When we are saturated with the foolish sentimentality of our modern song-writers; when we in vain look for one touch of heart or imagination in the flow of ballad and song from the lyrical founts of our publishing houses; when we are satisfied that our modern troubadour is repeating himself in jangled rhyme and weak sentiment;—let us, if you please, turn for a little healthy inspiration to the song-writers of Greece and Rome. I do not know more healthy breezes to cool a poet's brain withal, than are blowing through old Homer's verse—or pleasanter pasturage to wander over than the vision-fields of Virgil. But of all the old lyric poets, I would have our modern ballad-writer make the intimate acquaintance of Horace. He is the most delightful—irresistible—of love-poets—the Tommy Moore of his day, and something more. Whatever his theme may be, he seldom pulls a long face over it, although his banter is often sheathed in an apparent seriousness, and is always expressed with the most delicate urbanity and reserve. Let us view him, for example, as a lover. Take the fifth ode of the first book, and observe how cleverly he turns the tables upon his old flame Pyrrha, and her admirers, by the confession of his own discomfitures! It has a very different ring from anything in Catullus, who is always either billing and cooing immoderately, or howling piteously over the inconstancy of his capricious mistress. The last stanza, in particular, is, in the original, a fine stroke of imaginative humour. It was the custom for shipwrecked mariners to hang up in the temple of Neptune, as offerings to the god, the garments in which they had been rescued from

the deep. "My clothes," says Horace, "may be seen any day suspended on Neptune's shrine, in proof of my gratitude for having got safe to shore out of the raging sea of Pyrrha's terrible caprice." And so on in every phase of his varied style; Horace is the most charming companion imaginable. Only, if one is not thoroughly up in the little dexterities and graces of the original Latin, it will be difficult to realize the exquisite tenderness and epigrammatic finish of the old Roman. Sometimes we meet with an admirable paraphrase in English of one of his songs—that by Thackeray for instance (Neat-handed Phillis) of the "Odi Persicos, puer, apparatus"; but as a rule, Horace's translators are clumsy and unappreciative workmen. A brilliant exception was my friend the late Professor Ferrier of the University of St. Andrews (whose too short life sufficed indeed for fame, but not for the love of those who knew him) who, some time ago, sent me the subjoined translations from his favourite poet. I must premise that they are *close* translations—and written without a view to musical setting—but in the bold, original thoughts of every verse, the playful graces of fancy, and the nervous language in which the poet's thoughts are clothed,—our modern ballad-writers will find much that is worthy of study and, if possible, of imitation. Yours, &c., ALUMNUS.

ODE 3, B. I. TO THE SHIP

IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT TO SAIL FOR ATHENS.

May all soft winds so blow the while,
And so their Sire restrain the others,
And so may Cyprian goddess smile,
And Argive Helen's starry brothers;
That thou, oh ship, for Athens bound,
And bearing Virgil o'er the sea,
Mayst bring him back, all safe and sound,
And save the better part of me.

Sure, ribs of oak and triple brass
Around his hardy breast were fitted,
Who first to ocean's tossing mass
Himself and slender bark committed;
Nor feared the tempest's rising might,
But followed on with courage stout,
Where the great winds went forth to fight,
On dim sea-wastes, their battles out.

What's death to him whose eyes can see
Unmoved the monsters of the deep
Rolling around, and, on his lee
Acrocerania's cursed steep!
Wise God, with watery limits clear,
All vainly land from land divides,
When impious ships, unchecked by fear,
O'erleap the inviolable tides.

We are indeed a hardened crew,
We rush to every thing forbidden,
With daring hand Prometheus drew
To earth the fire from mortals hidden;
Then forms of new disease were bred,
And brooded o'er our blasted race,
While death, who came with tardy tread,
Accelerated now his pace.

Nought is too hard for man to try,
He will not rest content, though well,
Through air, lo! Dædalus must fly,
And Hercules must gird at Hell;
Where will it stop, this soaring sin?
What next will mortals overleap?
Can Jove himself keep thunders in,
When even Virgil tempts the deep?

TO BACCHUS, ODE 19, B. II.

I have seen, on hallowed ground,
Bacchus, of poetic matters
Chanting, and the nymphs around
Listening, and the prick-eared satyrs.

The fear is fresh that drove me wild,
Still my heart is madly quaking,
Spare me, Bacchus—oh, be mild!
Thy tremendous thyrsus shaking.

'Tis mine to sing thy vinous founts,
Mine to sing thy cymbals pealing,
Milky streams and honied haunts,
And thy wanton vestals reeling,

And thy spouse, an honour new,
To the constellations added,
And thy vengeance which o'erthrew
Pentheus and Lycurgus maddened.

River-tamer,—thine the spoils
Of ocean,—thine the hand that dresses
In deserts, with unarming coils
Of vipers, each Bacchante's tresses.

When the giants scaled the skies,
And the fight was at the sorest,
With lion-claws and lion-eyes,
Back the rebel gang thou borest.

Little thought they one like thee,
—Dance and jest thy only liking,
Fit for frolic, filled with glee,—
Was also good at harder striking.

Cerberus beheld thy shining
Horn, and lost his savage breeding,
Gently wagged his tail and whining
Licked thy feet from Hell receding.

TO BARINE, ODE 8, B. II.

Had I Barine, faithless girl,
Once known thee punished,—ever traced
A speck upon thy teeth of pearl,
Or seen a single hair misplaced,

Then might I trust thee; but the more
Forsworn thou art, thou fair forswearer,
Thou shinest lovelier than before,
For all thy perjuries the fairer.

Thou'rt safely false to every tie,
Though swearing, on thy mother's urn,
By all the gods that live for aye,
And all the stars that silent burn;

For Venus smiles,—the nymphs they smile,
And smiles on thee, his precious own,
Fierce Cupid whetting, all the while,
His burning darts on bloody hone.

Thou'rt safely false,—for round thee crowd,
Each day, new slaves who hug the chain,
While the old victims, murmuring loud,
Strive to get free, but strive in vain.

Terror of mothers for their boys,
Terror of fathers for their money,
Terror of virgins,—new to joys
Of marriage,—for their moon of honey!

TO PYRRHA, ODE 5, B. I.

What slender stripling courts thee now
On roses, 'neath the hanging rocks,
For whom, oh Pyrrha! bindest thou,
With artless art thine amber locks?

Ah me! how oft shall he deplore
Fickle gods and veering truth,
Who now is fondly counting o'er
Thy charms, all gold—deluded youth!

With what amazement shall he see
The waters rough with blackening wind,
Who dreams that thou wilt ever be,
As now, accessible and kind.

Poor souls! they little know their doom,
They reck not of the breeze to be,
The inexperienced wights for whom
Thou shinest like a summer sea.

For me,—my votive garments, hung
On Father Neptune's dripping walls,
Proclaim that I, when very young,
Nigh perished in those fatal squalls.

NOTICES.

THE MUSICAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE is published on the 28th of each Month by ADAMS & FRANCIS, at the Office, 59, Fleet Street. It may be ordered of them through any Bookseller in town or country.

A Serial Story, written expressly for this Magazine, by the author of "PET MARJORIE," will be commenced in next Number.

The September Number will contain, in addition to the usual Literature, a Copyright piece of Engraved Music for Piano, beautifully illustrated, entitled

PRETTY COLETTE,

BY
ARNOLD DE FOE.

Being a transcription by that well-known writer of a popular French Melody.

Printed at the Regent Press, No. 55, King-street, Golden-square, W., and published by ADAMS & FRANCIS, at 59, Fleet-street, E.C.—August 1, 1884.

CRAMER, WOOD & CO'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY,

207 & 209, REGENT STREET,

THE LARGEST IN EUROPE.

CRAMER'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY offers peculiar advantages for the choice of a first-rate Pianoforte. There is a profusion of every description, from the smallest Pianette to the largest and finest Grand, and by all the eminent makers of England and the Continent. Nothing but the very best Instruments are selected from the Factories, all that are deficient in tone being carefully avoided. Purchasers from Cramer & Co. may rely on having placed in their hands whatever may be reasonably expected from a selection made with competent practical skill. Cash Purchasers will receive the usual discount. Every Instrument fully guaranteed. Cramer & Co. deliver their Pianofortes at any Railway Station in the Kingdom without risk to the Purchaser, and at a very trifling cost.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

THE NEW PIANOFORTE. Cramer's Seven-octave Semi-oblique Pianoforte, 45 Guineas in Rosewood and 50 in Walnut.

Advantages to the Pianist—Power and Refinement of Tone, Susceptibility of Touch, full scale of 7 octaves. Advantages to the Vocalist—Height diminished to 4 feet 8 inches, freeing the voice from interruption, width enlarged to 4 feet 6 inches, affording increased convenience to the Accompanist, together with greater elegance of position. In introducing this Instrument prominently to the notice of the Public, Cramer & Co. may be permitted to observe that it is alike remarkable as regards power and quality of tone, firmness and elasticity of touch, durability of tuning, and the capacity to develop its resources. The tone may be forced by the powerful finger of the artist, or drawn out by the less accustomed hand of the amateur; in the one case there is no harshness, and in the other its charmingly vocal qualities are called forth with little effort. The action or mechanism is of the very best description, being somewhat similar in its principle of construction to that of the Semi-Grand. The stringing is complete, there being three wires to each note, like the Full Grand. Cramer & Co. guarantee these Instruments for any reasonable length of time, and forward them to all parts of the country without risk to the Purchaser, and at a very trifling cost.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S ENGLISH PIANETTE, 22 Guineas.—CRAMER & CO. manufacture this capital small Instrument. It has all the requisites of the best Pianoforte—check action, solid touch, agreeable tone. The Case is of polished Ash or Pine. In practising on this Pianoforte the fingers of the player will be strengthened much more rapidly than on an old Instrument, loose in the key and worn in the hammer. In Rosewood, 25 Guineas; in Walnut, 26 Guineas. Purchasers are particularly requested to observe that this Instrument has not the common or single action, but the double or check action; and that Cramer & Co. are the only manufacturers of it in England.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S INDIAN PIANETTE, in solid Mahogany, for warm climates. The most portable Pianoforte yet made. Price 35 Guineas.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S PORTABLE PIANOFORTE, the most compact and novel yet introduced. The keyboard shuts up, and the Instrument when closed presents the appearance of an elegant escritoire. Adm. ably adapted for ship's cabins. In Rosewood or Walnut, 45 Guineas; in solid Mahogany, with the action strengthened to resist the effects of a warm climate, 50 Guineas.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S NEW SEMI-GRAND, with Trichord Treble, as manufactured for them by Broadwood & Sons and Collard & Collard; the most remarkable Semi-Grand Pianoforte that has yet been introduced. Wonderful power and singular purity of tone. 105 Guineas in Rosewood; 115 in Walnut.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

PIANOFORTES, NEW, by Broadwood, Collard, or Erard, for SALE or HIRE.—At CRAMER'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY (the largest in Europe), 207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

PIANOFORTES, SECOND-HAND, by Broadwood, Collard, or Erard—Full Grands, Boudoir Grands, Semi-Grands, and Cottages, in the greatest variety; many of them quite equal to new. Every Instrument warranted.—At CRAMER'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY (the largest in Europe), 207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

PIANOFORTE RENOVATION.—CRAMER & CO. have organized a separate Staff of the most skilful Workmen for the Repairing and Renewing of the mechanism of Pianofortes worn out by years of constant practice. Cramer & Co. do not pretend (as is very commonly done) to make the Instrument "equal to new," but they guarantee that if originally good, it will be restored to great freshness of tone, and in other respects made to be perfectly satisfactory. Cramer & Co. give estimates of cost, and say whether the Instrument is worth the outlay. PIANOFORTE GALLERY (the largest in Europe), 207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S PIANO MECANIQUE, Manufactured by the Inventor, M. Debain, of Paris, is an Instrument entitled to rank foremost among the triumphs achieved in the mechanical art. Any one can play upon it. Price 55 Guineas. If with a keyboard, enabling it to be used like an ordinary Pianoforte, 90 Guineas. The Instrument is very strongly made, and warranted to stand any change of climate.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S HARMONIUMS, as Manufactured by the Inventor of the Instrument, M. Debain, of Paris, received the Prize Medal and the very highest commendation. Their superiority has been incontestably maintained.

No. 1.	Polished Oak Case, one stop, four octaves	£6 6 0
2.	Ditto one stop, five octaves	9 9 0
3.	Ditto three stops	12 12 0
4.	Ditto five stops	14 14 0
5.	Ditto seven stops	19 19 0
6.	Ditto nine stops	22 15 0
7.	Ditto eleven stops	28 15 0
8.	Ditto thirteen stops and knee action	36 15 0
9.	Ditto fifteen stops and knee action	43 0 0
10.	Ditto nineteen stops and knee action	59 0 0

WITH PERCUSSION.

10.	Ditto nine stops	29 10 0
11.	Ditto thirteen stops	39 0 0
12.	Ditto seventeen stops and knee action	60 0 0
13.	Ditto twenty-one stops and knee action	87 0 0

201, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S CHEAPEST HARMONIUM is DEBAIN'S beautiful Small Instrument in a Polished Oak Case. Price Six Guineas. Admirable Tone, combined with the very best Workmanship. 201, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

CRAMER'S ANTIPHONEL, or Substitute for an Organist or Harmonium Player (invented by M. Debain, of Paris), by which any one, even without a knowledge of Music, can play Hymn Tunes, Psalms, and Chants. It is also adapted for the performance of Overtures, Quadrilles, Waltzes, &c. It can easily be fitted to any existing Organ or Harmonium, and is not liable to derangement. Price Twelve Guineas. 201, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

CRAMER'S CORNETS, Manufactured by F. BESSON, the receiver of twenty-three medals.—CRAMER & CO. are now the sole Agents in London for the sale of F. Besson's well-known Brass Instruments. Estimates for Bands furnished. Mons. BOULCOURT (the eminent Cornet-player) attends daily to try over Instruments, and to give PRIVATE LESSONS.

201, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER, WOOD & CO'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY,

(The Largest in Europe.)

207 & 209, REGENT STREET.

be obtained at Keith's, near the British Museum. In situations where ice cannot be obtained, such preparations are very useful, but their cost is immensely high when compared with that of the common mixture of rough ice and salt.

CIDER AND PERRY.—Cider and perry are wines, and they may be made either effervescing as ordinary champagne, or still as sillery and nearly as good; but when we read that first-rate champagne has undergone no less than 300 manipulations before it is ready to drink, we need not wonder at the frequent failures of the rough-and-ready processes of British wine-making. As sold by the merchant, cider and perry are generally sweetened, which would be no disparagement, if the sugar were added at the proper time. But the cider-maker bears the same relation to the merchant as the distiller does to the rectifier, and the sugar is added by the merchant, and not blended by fermentation. I therefore advise the purchase of two glass brewer's saccharometers of Negretti and Zambra, at 4s. 6d. each; I say two, because they are so fragile, that one will probably be soon broken. When the juice of the apples or pears is in the tun, but before fermentation has commenced; take the gravity by the saccharometer, and if under thirty bring it up to that by loaf sugar. For home consumption sugar is not much added, and there are apples and pears whose gravity is so rich that they do not require it. The after-manipulation is too lengthy to recite here, and I refer to the books I have mentioned; but I may add, for understanding the references in Mr. Knight's book to gravity, that the datum of the scientific saccharometer begins (like a young watchmaker's) at 1000, and the brewer's at 360, being the weight of a barrel of water; and when the brewer tries his wort with the saccharometer, and it marks 40, he knows that the wort weighs 400lb. to the barrel, and will be strong beer; but a scientific saccharometer need not be purchased, because for practical purposes a division by three will reduce it to the brewer's. I may shortly add that racking is the great point for securing first-rate effervescing liquor, and the fermentation should not go lower in the first instance than 10. Leave the saccharometer, if you like, in the liquor, and see if it sink day by day till it reaches the proper point. As to orchard management, it is too long a subject for a letter, and I recommend consulting an experienced neighbour, as the same sorts do not grow well on different soils. For cider-growing the modern nonsense of dwarfing the trees must be thrown overboard, for after all there is nothing like the old-fashioned grass orchard; but if I were going to plant I should not lay down to grass for ten years, keeping the land tilled as a garden in the mean time.

THE LOVE-SONGS OF HORACE.

To the Editor of the *Musical Monthly*.

SIR,—When we are saturated with the foolish sentimentality of our modern song-writers; when we in vain look for one touch of heart or imagination in the flow of ballad and song from the lyrical founts of our publishing houses; when we are satisfied that our modern troubadour is repeating himself in jangled rhyme and weak sentiment;—let us, if you please, turn for a little healthy inspiration to the song-writers of Greece and Rome. I do not know more healthy breezes to cool a poet's brain withal, than are blowing through old Homer's verse—or pleasanter pasturage to wander over than the vision-fields of Virgil. But of all the old lyric poets, I would have our modern ballad-writer make the intimate acquaintance of Horace. He is the most delightful—irresistible—of love-poets—the Tommy Moore of his day, and something more. Whatever his theme may be, he seldom pulls a long face over it, although his banter is often sheathed in an apparent seriousness, and is always expressed with the most delicate urbanity and reserve. Let us view him, for example, as a lover. Take the fifth ode of the first book, and observe how cleverly he turns the tables upon his old flame Pyrrha, and her admirers, by the confession of his own discomfitures! It has a very different ring from anything in Catullus, who is always either billing and cooing immoderately, or howling piteously over the inconstancy of his capricious mistress. The last stanza, in particular, is, in the original, a fine stroke of imaginative humour. It was the custom for shipwrecked mariners to hang up in the temple of Neptune, as offerings to the god, the garments in which they had been rescued from

the deep. "My clothes," says Horace, "may be seen any day suspended on Neptune's shrine, in proof of my gratitude for having got safe to shore out of the raging sea of Pyrrha's terrible caprice." And so on in every phase of his varied style; Horace is the most charming companion imaginable. Only, if one is not thoroughly up in the little dexterities and graces of the original Latin, it will be difficult to realize the exquisite tenderness and epigrammatic finish of the old Roman. Sometimes we meet with an admirable paraphrase in English of one of his songs—that by Thackeray for instance (Neat-handed Phillis) of the "Odi Persicos, puer, apparatus"; but as a rule, Horace's translators are clumsy and unappreciative workmen. A brilliant exception was my friend the late Professor Ferrier of the University of St. Andrews (whose too short life sufficed indeed for fame, but not for the love of those who knew him) who, some time ago, sent me the subjoined translations from his favourite poet. I must premise that they are close translations—and written without a view to musical setting—but in the bold, original thoughts of every verse, the playful graces of fancy, and the nervous language in which the poet's thoughts are clothed,—our modern ballad-writers will find much that is worthy of study and, if possible, of imitation. Yours, &c., ALUMNUS.

ODE 3, B. I. TO THE SHIP

IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT TO SAIL FOR ATHENS.

May all soft winds so blow the while,
And so their Sire restrain the others,
And so may Cyprian goddess smile,
And Argive Helen's starry brothers;
That thou, oh ship, for Athens bound,
And bearing Virgil o'er the sea,
Mayst bring him back, all safe and sound,
And save the better part of me.

Sure, ribs of oak and triple brass
Around his hardy breast were fitted,
Who first to ocean's tossing mass
Himself and slender bark committed;
Nor feared the tempest's rising might,
But followed on with courage stout,
Where the great winds went forth to fight,
On dim sea-wastes, their battles out.

What's death to him whose eyes can see
Unmoved the monsters of the deep
Rolling around, and, on his lee
Acrocerania's cursed steep!
Wise God, with watery limits clear,
All vainly land from land divides,
When impious ships, unchecked by fear,
O'erleap the inviolable tides.

We are indeed a hardened crew,
We rush to every thing forbidden,
With daring hand Prometheus drew
To earth the fire from mortals hidden;
Then forms of new disease were bred,
And brooded o'er our blasted race,
While death, who came with tardy tread,
Accelerated now his pace.

Nought is too hard for man to try,
He will not rest content, though well,
Through air, lo! Dædalus must fly,
And Hercules must gird at Hell;
Where will it stop, this soaring sin?
What next will mortals overleap?
Can Jove himself keep thunders in,
When even Virgil tempts the deep?

TO BACCHUS, ODE 19, B. II.

I have seen, on hallowed ground,
Bacchus, of poetic matters
Chanting, and the nymphs around
Listening, and the prick-eared satyrs.

The fear is fresh that drove me wild,
Still my heart is madly quaking,
Spare me, Bacchus—oh, be mild!
Thy tremendous thyrsus shaking.

'Tis mine to sing thy vinous founts,
Mine to sing thy cymbals pealing,
Milky streams and honied haunts,
And thy wanton vestals reeling,

And thy spouse, an honour new,
To the constellations added,
And thy vengeance which o'erthrew
Pentheus and Lycurgus maddened.

River-tamer,—thine the spoils
Of ocean,—thine the hand that dresses
In deserts, with unarming coils
Of vipers, each Bacchante's tresses.

When the giants scaled the skies,
And the fight was at the sorest,
With lion-claws and lion-eyes,
Back the rebel gang thou borest.

Little thought they one like thee,
—Dance and jest thy only liking,
Fit for frolic, filled with glee,—
Was also good at harder striking.

Cerberus beheld thy shining
Horn, and lost his savage breeding,
Gently wagged his tail and whining
Licked thy feet from Hell receding.

TO BARINE, ODE 8, B. II.

Had I Barine, faithless girl,
Once known thee punished,—ever traced
A speck upon thy teeth of pearl,
Or seen a single hair misplaced,

Then might I trust thee; but the more
Forsworn thou art, thou fair forswearer,
Thou shinest lovelier than before,
For all thy perjuries the fairer.

Thou'rt safely false to every tie,
Though swearing, on thy mother's urn,
By all the gods that live for aye,
And all the stars that silent burn;

For Venus smiles,—the nymphs they smile,
And smiles on thee, his precious own,
Fierce Cupid whetting, all the while,
His burning darts on bloody bone.

Thou'rt safely false,—for round thee crowd,
Each day, new slaves who hug the chain,
While the old victims, murmuring loud,
Strive to get free, but strive in vain.

Terror of mothers for their boys,
Terror of fathers for their money,
Terror of virgins,—new to joys
Of marriage,—for their moon of honey!

TO PYRRHA, ODE 5, B. I.

What slender stripling courts thee now
On roses, 'neath the hanging rocks,
For whom, oh Pyrrha! bindest thou,
With artless art thine amber locks?

Ah me! how oft shall he deplore
Fickle gods and veering truth,
Who now is fondly counting o'er
Thy charms, all gold—deluded youth!

With what amazement shall he see
The waters rough with blackening wind,
Who dreams that thou wilt ever be,
As now, accessible and kind.

Poor souls! they little know their doom,
They reck not of the breeze to be,
The inexperienced wights for whom
Thou shinest like a summer sea.

For me,—my votive garments, hung
On Father Neptune's dripping walls,
Proclaim that I, when very young,
Nigh perished in those fatal squalls.

NOTICES.

THE MUSICAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE is published on the 28th of each Month by ADAMS & FRANCIS, at the Offices, 59, Fleet Street. It may be ordered of them through any Bookseller in town or country.

A Serial Story, written expressly for this Magazine, by the author of "PET MARJORIE," will be commenced in next Number.

The September Number will contain, in addition to the usual Literature, a Copyright piece of Engraved Music for Piano, beautifully illustrated, entitled

PRETTY COLETTE,

BY
ARNOLD DE FOE.

Being a transcription by that well-known writer of a popular French Melody.

Printed at the Regent Press, No. 55, King-street, Golden-square, W., and published by ADAMS & FRANCIS, at 59, Fleet-street, E.C.—August 1, 1864.

CRAMER, WOOD & CO'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY,

207 & 209, REGENT STREET,

THE LARGEST IN EUROPE.

CRAMER'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY offers peculiar advantages for the choice of a first-rate Pianoforte. There is a profusion of every description, from the smallest Pianette to the largest and finest Grand, and by all the eminent makers of England and the Continent. Nothing but the very best Instruments are selected from the Factories, all that are deficient in tone being carefully avoided. Purchasers from Cramer & Co. may rely on having placed in their hands whatever may be reasonably expected from a selection made with competent practical skill. Cash Purchasers will receive the usual discount. Every Instrument fully guaranteed. Cramer & Co. deliver their Pianofortes at any Railway Station in the Kingdom without risk to the Purchaser, and at a very trifling cost.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

THE NEW PIANOFORTE. Cramer's Seven-octave Semi-oblique Pianoforte, 45 Guineas in Rosewood and 50 in Walnut. Advantages to the Pianiste—Power and Refinement of Tone, Susceptibility of Touch, full scale of 7 octaves. Advantages to the Vocalist—Height diminished to 4 feet 8 inches, freeing the voice from interruption, width enlarged to 4 feet 6 inches, affording increased convenience to the Accompanist, together with greater elegance of position.

In introducing this Instrument prominently to the notice of the Public, Cramer & Co. may be permitted to observe that it is alike remarkable as regards power and quality of tone, firmness and elasticity of touch, durability of tuning, and the capacity to develop its resources. The tone may be forced by the powerful finger of the artist, or drawn out by the less accustomed hand of the amateur; in the one case there is no harshness, and in the other its charmingly vocal qualities are called forth with little effort. The action or mechanism is of the very best description, being somewhat similar in its principle of construction to that of the Semi-Grand. The stringing is complete, there being three wires to each note, like the Full Grand. Cramer & Co. guarantee these Instruments for any reasonable length of time, and forward them to all parts of the country without risk to the Purchaser, and at a very trifling cost.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S ENGLISH PIANETTE, 22 Guineas.—CRAMER & CO. manufacture this capital small Instrument. It has all the requisites of the best Pianoforte—check action, solid touch, agreeable tone. The Case is of polished Ash or Pine. In practising on this Pianoforte the fingers of the player will be strengthened much more rapidly than on an old Instrument, loose in the key and worn in the hammer. In Rosewood, 25 Guineas; in Walnut, 26 Guineas. Purchasers are particularly requested to observe that this Instrument has not the common or single action, but the double or check action; and that Cramer & Co. are the only manufacturers of it in England.

207 and 209, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S INDIAN PIANETTE, in solid Mahogany, for warm climates. The most portable Pianoforte yet made. Price 35 Guineas.

207 and 209, REGENT-STREET.

CRAMER'S PORTABLE PIANOFORTE, the most compact and novel yet introduced. The keyboard shuts up, and the Instrument when closed presents the appearance of an elegant escritoire. Adm. ably adapted for ship's cabins. In Rosewood or Walnut, 45 Guineas; in solid Mahogany, with the action strengthened to resist the effects of a warm climate, 50 Guineas.

207 and 209, REGENT-STREET.

CRAMER'S NEW SEMI-GRAND, with Trichord Treble, as manufactured for them by Broadwood & Sons and Collard & Collard; the most remarkable Semi-Grand Pianoforte that has yet been introduced. Wonderful power and singular purity of tone. 105 Guineas in Rosewood; 115 in Walnut.

207 and 209, REGENT-STREET.

PIANOFORTES, NEW, by Broadwood, Collard, or Erard, for SALE or HIRE.—At CRAMER'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY (the largest in Europe), 207 and 209, REGENT-STREET.

PIANOFORTES, SECOND-HAND, by Broadwood, Collard, or Erard—Full Grands, Boudoir Grands, Semi-Grands, and Cottages, in the greatest variety; many of them quite equal to new. Every Instrument warranted. — At CRAMER'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY (the largest in Europe), 207 and 209, REGENT-STREET.

PIANOFORTE RENOVATION.—CRAMER & CO. have organized a separate Staff of the most skilful Workmen for the Repairing and Renewing of the mechanism of Pianofortes worn out by years of constant practice. Cramer & Co. do not pretend (as is very commonly done) to make the Instrument "equal to new," but they guarantee that if originally good, it will be restored to great freshness of tone, and in other respects made to be perfectly satisfactory. Cramer & Co. give estimates of cost, and say whether the Instrument be worth the outlay. PIANOFORTE GALLERY (the largest in Europe), 207 and 209, REGENT-STREET.

CRAMER'S PIANO MÉCANIQUE, Manufactured by the Inventor, M. Debain, of Paris, is an Instrument entitled to rank foremost among the triumphs achieved in the mechanical arts. Any one can play upon it. Price 55 Guineas. If with a keyboard, enabling it to be used like an ordinary Pianoforte, 90 Guineas. The Instrument is very strongly made, and warranted to stand any change of climate.

207 and 209, REGENT-STREET.

CRAMER'S HARMONIUMS, as Manufactured by the Inventor of the Instrument, M. Debain, of Paris, received the Prize Medal and the very highest commendation. Their superiority has been incontestably maintained.

No. 1.	Polished Oak Case, one stop, four octaves	£6 6 0
2.	Ditto one stop, five octaves	9 9 0
3.	Ditto three stops	12 12 0
4.	Ditto five stops	14 14 0
5.	Ditto seven stops	19 19 0
6.	Ditto nine stops	22 15 0
7.	Ditto eleven stops	28 15 0
8.	Ditto thirteen stops and knee action	36 15 0
9.	Ditto fifteen stops and knee action	43 0 0
	Ditto nineteen stops and knee action	59 0 0
WITH PERCUSSION.		
10.	Ditto nine stops	29 10 0
11.	Ditto thirteen stops	39 0 0
12.	Ditto seventeen stops and knee action	60 0 0
13.	Ditto twenty-one stops and knee action	87 0 0

201, REGENT STREET.

CRAMER'S CHEAPEST HARMONIUM is DEBAIN'S beautiful Small Instrument in a Polished Oak Case. Price Six Guineas. Admirable Tone, combined with the very best Workmanship. 201, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

CRAMER'S ANTIPHONEL, or Substitute for an Organist or Harmonium Player (invented by M. Debain, of Paris), by which any one, even without a knowledge of Music, can play Hymn Tunes, Psalms, and Chants. It is also adapted for the performance of Overtures, Quadrilles, Waltzes, &c. It can easily be fitted to any existing Organ or Harmonium, and is not liable to derangement. Price Twelve Guineas. 201, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

CRAMER'S CORNETS, Manufactured by F. BESSON, the receiver of twenty-three medals.—CRAMER & CO. are now the sole Agents in London for the sale of F. Besson's well-known Brass Instruments. Estimates for Bands furnished. Mons. BOULCOURT (the eminent Cornet-player) attends daily to try over Instruments, and to give PRIVATE LESSONS.

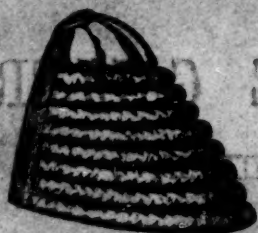
201, REGENT-STREET.

CRAMER, WOOD & CO'S PIANOFORTE GALLERY,

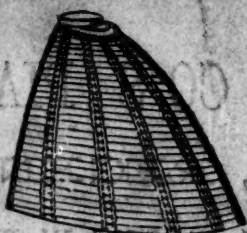
(The Largest in Europe.)

207 & 209, REGENT STREET.

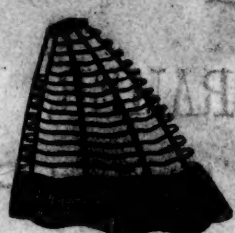
SANSFLECTUM CRINOLINES.



Puffed Horsehair Japon (Registered),
22s., 30s., and 35s., in Grey.
White, 5s. each.



The Sansflectum Japon, 10s. 6d.,
11s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and 21s. Mutilin Covers,
3s. 6d.; Llama or Alpaca, 5s. 11d.



Ondina, or Waved Japon,
12s. 6d. and 21s.;
Coloured Llama, 22s. 6d.

"The Sansflectum Crinoline is admirably adapted for the promenade. As an Autumn Skirt it is invaluable."—*Courier* JOURNAL.
"The Patent ONDINA, or Waved Japon, does away with the unsightly results of the ordinary hoops; and so perfect are the wave-like bands that a lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, throw herself into an arm-chair, pass to her stall at the Opera, or occupy a fourth seat in a carriage, without inconvenience to herself or others, or provoking rude remarks of the observers, thus modifying in an important degree all those peculiarities tending to destroy the modesty of English women; and lastly, it allows the dress to fall into graceful folds."—*LADY'S NEWSPAPER*.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON CRINOLINES, FROM 1859 TO 1888, POST FREE.

E. PHILPOTT,

FAMILY DRAPER AND JUPON MANUFACTURER, 87, PICCADILLY.

APOKATHARTIKON, THE MAGIC GLOVE CLEANER,

Has already superseded every article of the kind

FOR CLEANING GLOVES, AND REMOVING GREASE, AND OTHER IMPURITIES,

FROM EVERY KIND OF

CLOTHING AND DRAPERY, NO MATTER WHAT THE FABRIC, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MATERIAL.

It leaves no nauseous smell; on the contrary, it perfumes every article to which it is applied. Sold by all Chemists, price ONE SHILLING per Bottle. None is genuine, unless the label bears the Brand of the Firm, an Anchor crossed with the initials E. C. and C. B.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE WITH THE BEST ARTICLES

DEANE'S

AD 1700

GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE

LONDON BRIDGE

DEANE & CO. 46, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY

By Her Majesty's Letters Patent

TEETH WITHOUT SPRINGS.

OSTEO-IDON. MESSRS. GABRIEL'S SPECIALITY.

THE numerous advantages, such as comfort, purity of materials, economy, and freedom from pain, obtainable hereby, are explained in Messrs. GABRIEL'S pamphlet on the Teeth, just published, free by Post, or given on application.

MESSRS. GABRIEL

THE OLD ESTABLISHED DENTISTS

27, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, and LUDGATE HILL (over Baxson, Silversmith), LONDON; 124, DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL; 65, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

American Mineral Teeth, without springs, heat in Furnace from Four to Seven and Ten to Fifteen Guinea per set, warranted. Single Teeth and partial sets at proportionately moderate charges.

Only one visit required at the London Establishments from Country Patients.

Whole sets made in one day where time is an object.

Specimens, as exhibited at the International Exhibition, may be seen at the Crystal Palace (Industrial Court), and at the Polytechnic Institution.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

MAKES A MOST DELICIOUS AND INVIGORATING SUMMER BEVERAGE, &c.

PREVENTS Small-pox, Measles, Fevers, and Headaches. Prescribed by many of the most eminent medical men, and patronised by hundreds of the aristocracy, forming a most agreeable, renovating beverage; its efficacy in sickness, general debility, and eruptive complaints, is supported by the testimonials and recommendations of nearly all our metropolitan physicians and medical gentlemen, and it has been recommended by their letters to her Majesty's Commissioner as specific in fevers and other affections of the blood.

The late Dr. Prout characterised its discovery as "unfolding germs of immense benefit to mankind."

William Keeney, Esq., M.D., D.O.L., states, in his work on Fevers, that wherever the Saline Treatment is adopted the fatal fevers are deprived of their terrors.

The late Dr. Turley states, in a letter, that in the worst cases of Scarlet and Typhus Fevers he found it in his experience and family to act as a specific, no other medicine being required.

John Spargis, Esq., M.D., &c., Great Cumberland-street, London, offers his testimony of approbation, especially in Affections of the Liver or Bilious Fevers.

Letters from the Governor of the West India Islands, received during the month of June, 1862, and one from Sierra Leone, state it has proved a perfect cure in African Fever.

Baines and Co., Liverpool, Edinburgh, and York; Radcliff, Oldhall-street, Liverpool; and of the only maker, H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, Holborn-hill, London.

PREPARED BY H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON.

TO LADIES.

THE SPIRAL ELASTIC ABDOMINAL BELTS.



THE more frequent and earlier adoption of this Belt previous to Accommodation would prevent many of the distressing results so often complained of after confinement. During pregnancy, the support derived from its use will afford the greatest relief, securing a more favorable time, while by its use after parturition, the general and equal pressure afforded secures the restoration of shape, and the contraction so essential to ultimate recovery.

It is recommended by the best Accouchers of the day in cases of prolapsed uteri, dropsy, and obesity, and, when fitted with air pads for umbilical and inguinal hernia, in preference to steel trusses.

Illustrated Catalogues on application to

EDWARD OR MRS. HURLEY, 12, OLD BATHENH STREET, OXFORD STREET.

A COOL, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING BALM FOR THE HAIR.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA

stands pre-eminent. No toilette is complete without it, especially during the heat of summer. The increasing demand for this justly-famed Balm proves how valuable it must be in replenishing, invigorating and preserving the hair, either from falling out or turning grey, it having withstood all opposition and limitation for upwards of forty years. It also prevents the hair from turning grey, makes it look bright and glossy, and frees it from scurf. This Balm seldom fails to produce whiskers, moustaches, or eye-brows, and has lately been found to excel every other article that has been sold as a curing fluid.

Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists, at 2s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. only; also, wholesale and retail, by the proprietors, C. and A. Oldridge, 22, Wellington Street, Strand, London.

EVANS'S MATCHLESS KITCHENER.

EVANS'S MATCHLESS KITCHENER.

For a Cooking Range and for a Kitchen, Evans's Matchless Kitchen is the most perfect and economical ever devised. It is a complete kitchen in itself, and is adapted for use in any house, large or small. The range is made of the best materials, and is constructed in a manner that ensures its durability and safety. It is a most valuable addition to any kitchen, and is highly recommended by all who are acquainted with it.

For a full description of the range, and for a list of the agents, apply to the proprietors, J. EVANS & CO., 10, Old Bailey, London. The range is made in the most perfect manner, and is adapted for use in any house, large or small. It is a most valuable addition to any kitchen, and is highly recommended by all who are acquainted with it.